

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 19, 1964

35 CENTS

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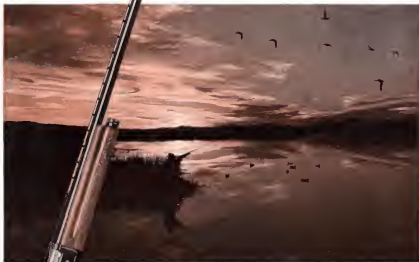
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Next week

THE OLYMPIC GAMES use in full stride and, from Tokyo, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's staff force reports on the week's events in track and field, swimming and diving, and a dozen other sports. Stories by John Underwood and others, plus up-to-the-second photographs and illustrations in full color.

"WE'LL WIN AGAIN," says the Celtics' star forward, Tommy Heinsohn, as Boston begins its pursuit of its eighth straight championship. Heinsohn's own story opens a special section in which SI scouts all nine NBA clubs. Frank Mullins contributes action drawings that illustrate assets and flaws.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Writing about baseball nowadays (page 24) is like fishing a trout stream on the opening day of the season. You're there on the bank, rod in hand, lure in the water, and there are fish (or stories) waiting in the river to be caught. The trouble is, on the bank next to you (or in the press box and locker room) are throngs of fellow fishermen casting in the same waters for the same fish. It takes a pretty good angler to come

cause of the Mets' move into Shea Stadium. He was the first to report that the first-place Yankees, like it or not, were in a battle with the last-place Mets for attention in New York, and he predicted that the Mets would outdo the Yanks (which they did by 430,000 people this past season).

Leggett's propensity for sensing future developments probably has its roots in his early and abiding love for horse racing, a sport that lives on anticipation of what may be, particularly in the feature race tomorrow. Bill was born and brought up in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where he acquired a liberal education in the study of the running horse. Frank Sullivan, the noted humorist and an old friend of Leggett's family, says, "Bill swam into my consciousness when we met in a Saratoga tavern we both favored, and I found this rosy-cheeked stripling to be a walking encyclopedia of information about every known form of sport, especially the turf. I, too, was born and reared in Saratoga, but I never absorbed the racing lore Bill Leggett has stored in his cranium."

Bill came to work at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1956 and has written for us on horse racing, basketball and hockey, as well as baseball. Good on spotting trends, he sometimes has trouble with winners. Frank Sullivan says, "He has on occasion seduced me into betting on horses he said would win, and I have lost my \$2, but I do not hold this against him." In our annual office pool on the pennant races Leggett this year displayed both sides of his prognosticating personality. He sensed the decline of the Dodgers and the rise of the Phils and picked Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco to finish one-two-three-four in the National League—which was pretty close to perfection. But the American League cost him. A longtime Washington Senators fan (the old Senators, that is, the ones who moved to Minnesota), he made the Twins a lock. They finished sixth, Mr. Sullivan.



LEGGETT AND THE CARDS' KENESHA

home with a decent catch, and it takes a pretty good reporter to bring back a baseball story that is fresh and different and valid.

We have such a fisherman on our staff, though you probably wouldn't notice him on a trout stream until you saw that his creel was full. His name is William Leggett, and he is a quiet, slender young man—he's 32, but he doesn't look it—whose manner is courteous and unobtrusive. Without noise, without trumpet and drum, he goes into the crowded waters of major league baseball and consistently comes up with the fresh idea, the new angle, the trend that is about to be. Last spring, for instance, he spotted the importance of Rookie Third Baseman Richie Allen to the Philadelphia Phillies, and before the season began he wrote that Allen's presence might well mean the pennant for the Phils—which it very nearly did. Last winter he sensed a great new surge of interest in the New York Mets be-



All I said was Qantas.

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SHOPWALK

The delicate mechanism of a gun can be protected in the right case for travel

Ever since the hijacking of airplanes as gunpoint became popular several years ago, commercial airlines have cracked down on sportsmen carrying rifles and shotguns on board. Some understanding pilots permit hunters to stow their firearms in the cockpit or even under their seats, but many airlines insist that guns be checked and carried in the baggage compartment, where they are quite likely to be handled without care. More than a few hunters have deplaned in Anchorage, James Bay or Nairobi to find that the delicate telescopic sights on their favorite rifles have been smashed or that the stocks on their valuable English double-barrel shotguns have been cracked or broken in two.

Some hunters have gone to extremes to get around this problem. One famous big-game hunter packed his guns in a large cardboard box, wrapped it with fancy paper and ribbons and managed to carry the box to his seat by explaining that it contained a rare and fragile Greek vase.

An easier and a more sensible approach is to use a sturdy luggage case designed to protect a valuable gun from



LUGGAGE CASE

the most violent blows. One of the best is available from Continental Arms Corp., 697 Fifth Ave., New York. Made of solid basswood covered with a tough water-repellent leatherlike plastic, the case is lined throughout with a thick cushion of foam rubber covered with soft pile. The gun lies flat between the layers of foam and is held firmly in place when the case is closed. It will hold a scoped rifle, as well as several boxes of ammunition and accessories. The case has brass hinges, three clasps (one with a lock), leather corner bumpers and a carrying handle. It is available in any size for one gun and costs \$49.50. For an extra \$10 Continental Arms will make up a case for two guns. Shooters should send along outline tracings of their guns.

Abercromby & Fitch (New York, Chicago and San Francisco) has a lightweight thermoplastic luggage case with a moistureproof polyurethane foam lining that will hold a fullsize rifle with scope or two rifles or car-

Going to Chicago?



Reservations at the new Red Coach, just minutes from O'Hare Airport on your way in or out of town on Kennedy Expressway. (It's in the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge at the North Park Ridge Exit.) Prime steer steaks and lively Maine lobsters are features on the Big Red Menu.

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RIFLE SCABBARD

bines without scopes. It is 48 inches long and 11 inches wide and sells for \$30.

The hunter who packs in on horseback after bighorn sheep, mountain goat or elk needs a good saddle scabbard, one that will protect his rifle scope from being knocked or jarred out of alignment. The George Lawrence Company of 306 Southwest First Avenue, Portland, Ore. has a custom-made rifle scabbard of thick hand-molded saddle leather with two adjustable straps that can be buckled to the saddle, and a buckle-down boot, or top, to protect the rifle and scope from rain, snow or dust. The boot can be flipped back for quick access to the gun or removed when the weather permits. The Lawrence scabbard is thick enough to resist sharp briars and cactus and has a rich mahogany oil finish that makes it almost waterproof. Though basically a saddle scabbard, it also makes a handsome and practical carry-



LEG-OF-MUTTON

continued



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SHOPWALK

ing case for a rifle—the strips can be buckled together to make a shoulder sling or a handle. The Lawrence scabbard is made to order from an outline tracing of a rifle with scope mounted and should be ordered well in advance of a hunting trip. The price is \$61 for the plain, oiled model. Basket-weave or flower designs, leather-lined edges and linings of woolskin or glove leather are extra.

A very compact and rugged case for take-down double-barrel or over-under shotguns is the Log-o-Mutton, available from Abercrombie & Fitch for \$50. Made of thick, oiled cowhide with a green felt lining, it has an adjustable divider to separate the barrels from the stock, a buckle-down cover, a sling



EDWARD B. OPPENHEIM

strap and a carrying handle. Specify gun model and barrel length when ordering.

Continental Arms' zippered Double Gun Case of water-repellent duck is ideal for a shooter using a rifle and shotgun on a hunting trip. It has two well-padded pockets to hold the guns in place and a combined leather sling and carrying handle. It costs \$40.

Browning Arms Company, 1706 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, has a flexible, zip-around gun case for shooters who can transport their rifles and shotguns by automobile. Covered with a heavy gauge, waterproof vinyl, the well-padded Browning case has a silicone-treated pile lining and double handles of vinyl-covered steel that come together around the nylon zipper track. The case, not the zipper track, supports the weight of the gun. Brass sling loops are attached to the case, but shooters must supply their own slings. A three-inch-wide elastic strip inside the case holds the gun butt in place when the case is partially opened. Browning makes five sizes (barrel lengths from 22 to 32 inches) for shotguns and rifles without scopes (\$16.50), and three sizes for scoped rifles (\$18).

—DUNCAN BARNES

My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score

By **JACK NICKLAUS** — world's dazzling golf star, youngest ever to win the U. S. Open. Now, in his first book, he reveals his winning secrets to help you slash strokes from your game



JACK NICKLAUS



With a club with a yellow shaft from the 1950s (1950 P. 31)

NO ONE who's ever whacked a good drive down the middle, or drilled in a 30-foot birdie putt, needs to be told what a great game golf is. But you've got to admit — it can be pretty frustrating, too, when shots go wrong and you have to count up the score of a hole on an adding machine.

This used to happen to me. When I was learning the game, I had some rotten days on the course! But over the years, I corrected most of my faults — and these days I've been doing pretty good.

Now, I'd like to help other golfers who have too many "off days" — other golfers who are dead serious about their game, but just can't seem to get the consistency or "luck" to improve their score.

Let me tell you about my book

Some time ago, *Sports Illustrated* invited me to do a series of articles. They teamed me up with Francis Golden, a brilliant artist who knows the mechanics of the game of golf almost as well as I do. Between us, we came up with what I honestly feel is a new kind of golf instruction: pictures that so clearly show such things as firm grip, smooth stroke, movements of arms and legs, that the word explanations can always be short and absolutely to the point. The lavish use of as many as four colors per picture — plus a series of color arrows, properly placed, make this possible. (No other golf instruction pictures or photographs I've seen can come close to these in simplicity or clearness.)

Those magazine articles, which originally started out as a ten-part, were so well received that they grew and grew — first into a regular feature, and now, this book. I'm very proud of my book, because over the years I've read just about everyone else's golf book. And while some of them were helpful, too many of them (in my opinion) take you too far back from where you happen to be. Others strain at picking the specks out of the pepper, or overemphasize one phase of the game at the expense of others. I don't fall into any of these traps.

Here we go... my 55 ways

You're not going to agree with everything I say — because I don't believe in

all the generally accepted principles of golf. But everything I tell you I've profited from. And as you know, I've had a fair degree of success. So let's go...

You'll find out why so many touring pros cock their heads just before starting their backswing. There are three good reasons for it. You'll find out how to play the wind factor... when a 1-iron is better than a 4-wood... how the proper tempo of your swing can make a big improvement on your present game... two little changes that can improve tee shots ten per cent in distance.

You'll see how to lick narrow holes with a controlled fade... how to execute an often overlooked but vital element in the intentional hook... when and how to use long irons.

If tension is high and you need only to put a medium approach shot into the middle of the 18th green and two-putt to break 90 (or take a Nassau or win the Club championship), I'll show you how the pros do it. I'll also show you how to hit a shot that is quite difficult for most golfers, but vital for a better score: the long full iron from a fairway sand trap.

You benefit from tournament tactics

Every one of the 55 situations I tell you about in my book has come up in actual play. Many times, specified tournament instances are cited. And frequently, I'll tell you what other pros do. For example, you'll get a tip I learned from Jack Burke on how to get more accurate distance and aim on putts. And you'll see why Gary Player — who is only 5 feet 7 — uses a shaft one inch longer than most other pros.

In my book you'll also get answers to the "whys" and "hows" that so often bug you in the course of play. How can you hit a long-iron approach shot that will clear bunkers and hazards in front of the green, yet stay out of trouble behind the green? How can you easily hit a ball in a divot mark or in a bad fairway lie? How can you successfully hit a full shot from a steep, downhill lie?

You'll learn how to determine beforehand which way a putt will break — even though it appears to break from left to right when viewed from behind, and from right to left when looked at from the other direction. And you'll see how to consistently hit good wedge shots.

What to do when it "looks like curtains"

Lots of times on the course, you're going to run into lies that look so menacing you'll feel like just crying a little and going back to the club house to drown your sorrows.



Not to swing the club like a club (1950 P. 32)

But never do this — because there's always a way out.

I'll show you what to do when your ball misses the green and nestles into high swelling rough... when you're trapped next to the green and the pin is much too close for a full conventional explosion... when your ball rolls against the back edge of a trap in a way that makes it almost impossible to get the club head down into the ball.

And while we're on the subject of "frustration," let's not forget that old bagebo, putting. I show you how to eliminate those nightmare three-putt greens, how to get the short putts down consistently; when to putt from a trap; why I disagree with the accepted principle of using different putters for different greens. I also tell you when you should and shouldn't concede putts, and why — and how to keep from making a foolish shot when you think you've got the match in the bag.

You'll get much more valuable know-how in my book — but space limitations keep me from elaborating here. Instead...

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if you don't believe that you will knock a couple (or a lot) of strokes off your game consistently... then return the book and pay nothing, owe nothing. Otherwise, keep Jack's book for only \$4.50 (plus a small shipping charge). Putter down to your local bookstore — or use the convenient order card provided here.



Not to hit a golf ball like a golf ball (1950 P. 33)

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11-oz. weighted turntable. Shielded 4-pole motor assures correct musical pitch, minimum hum. High-compliance ceramic cartridge.

The Exponent 4/40, in a padded, leather-grained case. Accessory jacks for headphones, tape and tuner. For a copy of "An Introduction to Sylvania Stereo," send 25c to Sylvania, Dept. 51, P.O. Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, N.Y. Look for your Sylvania Dealer in the Yellow Pages. Sylvania Home Electronics, Batavia, N.Y.

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(tick
tick
tick)

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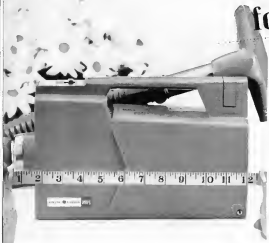
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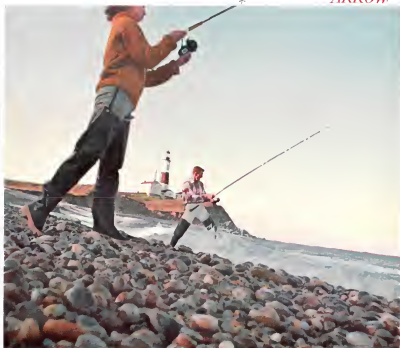
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SCORECARD

AMATEUR SPORTSWRITER

Political pundits are a varied breed, but what they have in common is that they take themselves more seriously than ordinary mortals, or even sportswriters. When they turn to sport, as they all occasionally do, it often is with a heavy hand—sometimes with ponderous humor, sometimes to make labored analogies between a world they do not understand and the world they possibly may not understand as well as they think they do.

This week we have C. L. Sulzberger lamenting in *The New York Times* that "as usual, the United States has sent a team of amateurs to the Olympic Games to compete, as usual, against a team of Soviet professionals." This naïveté, says Mr. Sulzberger, costs us heavily on the international scene. He would have his readers think that the U.S. has a cluster of superstars immobilized by their professional status. The fact is, of course, that we could not find anyone to run the mile faster than Dwyer Durrenson or Tom O'Hara if we paid him money to do so.

It is no secret that Communist athletes are only technical amateurs, since they are given sinecures in civil or military services that allow them to work full time on their sport. But let's not get too sanctimonious. What is so different about a young American who goes through college on an athletic scholarship and emerges with a degree in physical education?

REVERSE PLAY

As generally conceived, integration has come to be understood as the introduction of Negroes to facilities hitherto reserved for whites. But it can mean just the reverse, too, as in the case of Barry Moore, freshman halfback on the Kentucky State College football team.

Barry is white. All his teammates and coaches are Negroes. Only 5% of Kentucky State's 1,004 full-time students are white.

An excellent high school athlete who could have won an athletic scholarship elsewhere, Moore chose Kentucky State

because his home is in Frankfort, where the college is situated.

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a little uneasy feeling in our first game at Nashville against Fisk University," Moore said. "It was an entirely new experience being the only white player in a game where almost all the spectators were Negro. However, I lost most of my self-consciousness as the game moved along."

Jackie Robinson would understand.

HOW ABOUT THAT?

Mellow and persimmony at the same time, the voice of Mel Allen has been familiar to World Series TV and radio listeners for 18 years and to New York Yankee fans for 25. By decision of Ford Frick, baseball commissioner, it was not heard during this year's World Series, and by rumor it may not be heard from Yankee Stadium next year.

To most of the nation this meant very little, but all New York, with some exceptions, is divided into those who passively tolerate Mel and those who actively resent him. The latter are mostly blind Yankee haters but quite a few are redundancy haters. If you picked up Allen by his ears he would say something like: "International Falls is the coldest spot in the U.S. Temperature-wise, that is."

There was some astonishment at Frick's decision, presumably inspired by the Yankees themselves, since team owners recommend the broadcasters and Frick is not about to buck team owners at this stage. There was surprisingly little protest. One shot for Allen was fired by Eric Sevareid, the CBS news essayist, but it had the effect of something coming out of a puffed-rice cannon. Sevareid did not seem to mind losing Allen so much as gaining Phil Rizzuto in his stead. It was a clear case, he said, of "creeping Rizzutoism," a situation in which professional talkers and writers are displaced by members of the professions they talk and write about.

"In the last war," he recalled, holding tongue firmly in cheek, "retired generals became war correspondents, taking the

caviar right out of the mouths of the deserving. . . . Senator Goldwater muscled in on our racket and became a syndicated columnist."

Professional writers and talkers who heard Rizzuto and Joe Garagiola team up in an impressive display of expertise during the Series could not, even in jest, agree with Sevareid. The ex-performers talked too much, to be sure, but they talked good baseball sense, with scarcely ever a professional malapropism.

BIRDS OF A WEATHER

A number of radar installations about the country are manned by the U.S. Weather Bureau to check on rampaging cloud formations that could turn into tornadoes or other varieties of foul weather. Sometimes things get dull, and when that happens the weather bureau fellows turn to studying blips that denote flocks of birds. Then, each week, the bureau dispatches a pocket of radar-observation pictures to Frank Bellrose, wildlife specialist for the Illinois Natural History Survey. Over the past four years



Bellrose has reached some interesting conclusions from his radar pictures. Among them:

Waterfowl migrate ahead of a cold front. Small land birds fly behind it.

Birds can analyze wind shear, a situation that can produce clear air turbulence strong enough to destroy airplanes.

Ninety percent of migratory flying is done at night, with the birds taking advantage of the stars for celestial navigation. When an overcast obscures sun or moon or stars, they sometimes get lost.

There are clear indications that the

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

birds seek out favorable winds. They correct their flights for sideways wind drift, avoid strong headwinds.

Hawks, eagles and vultures are especially hazardous to aircraft because they are not afraid of planes.

YOUNG ROBIN

At the National Field Archery Association championships at Watkins Glen, N.Y. this year, Clifford Necessary of Richmond, Va. set a record for an archer shooting without a bow sight. He scored 2,537 points in five rounds. His high round was 513. In Hunters Harbor, a small community on the Magothy River in Maryland, 14-year-old Mike Lindemon has shot as high as 516 in a round. Hunters Harbor is just an arrow's flight from Sherwood Forest, Md.

Mike, who has been shooting the bow and arrow for little more than a year, has scored over 500 on three occasions. He believes he could do even better with a sight but does not want to bother with one just yet. And anyway, he says, "sight shooters only shoot around 500."

In addition to his competitive achievements, Mike has one other notable distinction. He has shot what bowmen call a "Robin Hood."

He did this by shooting one arrow into a target. Then he shot a second arrow, which split the first, fused and formed a single shaft almost twice the length of a normal arrow, with two sets of feathers.

Which is quite enough to make a veteran archer turn forest green.

MUSKIE BOOM AT ROCKY FORK

As infuriating as any fish that swims is the muskellunge—wily and stubbornly reluctant to strike. Men have dedicated entire vacations to his pursuit without success. But out at Rocky Fork Lake in the gentle hills of southwestern Ohio this past month strange things have been happening. Planted 11 years ago as fry, muskies by the score have been hitting lures and baits with abandon.

In one day's fishing Joe Plotnick, a muskie specialist who operates a tackle shop in Columbus, and his friend Phillip McGinnis caught 10 at Rocky Fork and threw back several they considered too small. McGinnis, who hooked an 11-pounder, declared: "This is the best muskie fishing I've ever known and I've fished waters throughout the United States and Canada." Plotnick, however,

continued

Life Insurance—and the definition of disability

A number of years ago Mutual Benefit pioneered a unique disability policy by defining disability in terms of loss of "earned income" arising from sickness or accident. This definition avoids some uncertainties which might arise under the more common contract which defines disability as inability to pursue any gainful occupation.

Now in 1964, Mutual Benefit's coverage has been expanded in its new policies to include an additional definition applicable only to the few insureds who have little or no earned income at the time they become disabled.

Their disability is defined in terms of inability arising from sickness or accident to engage in a former occupation or in any other occupation for which they are suited by education, training or experience. This continuing improvement of our product reflects a philosophy of policyholder protection which has made Mutual Benefit one of the most highly regarded insurance companies in the world.

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a completely unique experience

SCORECARD *continued*

disagrees. He thinks it was better a couple of years ago at Dillon Dam, near Zanesville.

As for explanations, there are only guesses. One is that a hot spell drove the muskies off the bottom and to the surface, where most strikes have been made. This theory was scotched by a cold spell, after which the fish continued to hit in shallow water. To Joe Plotnick, the answer lies in persistence, good casting, a knowledge of muskie habits, mixing up the lures and using gut instead of wire leaders. But many an angler has tried all these in lakes known to be full of muskies and stopped off at the fish market on the way home.

CONCISE

For the shortest and most poignant football dispatch of the year we nominate the following Associated Press story as it appeared in *The Albuquerque Tribune*. In its entirety: "UNIVERSITY PARK, Oct. 8 (AP)—New Mexico State University Coach Warren Woodson, whose team has surrendered 112 points in their first three games, is stressing defense."

BEAUTIFUL DAY

Every working day two flags fly above the Nevada state capitol dome in Carson City—the American flag on top, the blue and gold Nevada state flag beneath it. For the past 16 years, running up those flags has been the day's first business for Cyrus Meacham. Then, one day recently, he added a third flag—the bright-red St. Louis Cardinals banner. Gloriously, in recognition of the Cards' National League victory, it flew all day, and Cy Meacham felt that this was the climax of his career as a Cards' fan. But the best was yet to come.

Now 54, Cy was born in Joplin, Missouri, where he learned to root for the St. Louis Cards. He came to Nevada to live in 1930 but he remained loyal to the Cards. Year in and year out, indoors and outdoors, he has worn a Cards' baseball cap every day. He wears out one a year, buys an annual replacement in San Francisco, where he goes every time the Cards come in to play the Giants.

On the day he flew the banner, Cy was summoned to Governor Grant Sawyer's office. Something to do with the capital's water supply, he was told.

The governor harrumphed and made an announcement.

"Nevada has to have a representative *continued*

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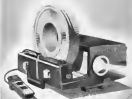
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at the World Series," he said. "In checking around to find the man who was the least busy and who could be spared, I came up with the name of Cy Mescham. And so I am going to order Cy to go to the World Series."

Cy's usual greeting to friends is, "Isn't this a beautiful day?" This time he changed it. "This is the most beautiful day of all," he said.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

When an even-money national favorite (Le Fabuleux) finishes 14th and a 16-to-1 shot (Prince Royal II) wins Europe's richest horse race, the \$300,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp, there are bound to be Gallic shouts of "We wuz robbed," especially since three million Frenchmen bet a record sum of more than \$11 million on it. The American-owned, English-bred, French-mounted Italian horse Prince Royal II had only three weeks earlier finished sixth in a six-horse race, the Prix Royal Oak, at the same track.

"What happened?" demanded *France-Soir*. "Certainly something not normal."

Something quite normal, actually. Rex Ellsworth had bought Prince Royal for \$400,000 two days before the Royal Oak, in which he was ridden by Enrico Camici, crack Italian jockey. Previously he had won two major races, including the Gran Premio di Milano, films of which disclosed that he had been ridden under restraint to save him for a smashing finish. Camici tried the tactic in the Royal Oak but the pace was very slow and without rhythm and Prince Royal could not bring it off. Ellsworth's trainer then discovered that the Prince could start fast, stay with the front pack until the stretch, then pull ahead to win. That would be the strategy for the Arc, they decided, and, with a leading French jockey up, that is what Prince Royal did.

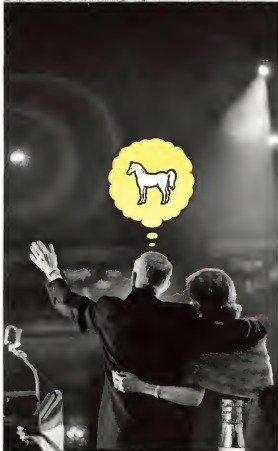
Nothing abnormal in that. Just horsemanship.

THEY SAID IT

• Johnny Callison, Philadelphia outfielder, when asked if he had any plans for the winter: "Well, the first thing I'm going to do is hide."

• Bill Pellington, Baltimore Colts' linebacker, on why he will retire after this season: "I'm 37 years old and I've got enough water in my knees to carry me across the Sahara."

END



Secret thoughts of a candidate

"...all this cheering is good for the ego, but it doesn't do much for my parched throat. Oh for a White Horse Scotch.*"

**People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.*





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Comes the cocktail hour...and it's surprising how often you find get-together people enjoying this tempting Taylor New York State Dry Sherry. Its clear, crisp taste sharpens your appetite, never overwhelms you. Perfect when dining out. Or at home. / Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

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AN EVEN SERIES—WITH

It was a cheerful, old-fashioned World Series, with plenty of hitting, some very good pitching, a nice selection of heroic plays and a few totally unexpected heroes. The first two games seemed lopsided, if you looked only at the scores, but they

were tight and tense until the Cardinals, in the opening game, and the Yanks, in the second one, pulled away in the late innings. The third and fourth games were squeakers all the way—one-run victories with the winning run in each case a homer



Red Lutz subbed for ailing Tony Kubek at short, batted well, hit home



Mel Stottlemyre, in the Bronx, NY, and August won 1964 season's



Joe Boston won 2-1 third game, tore up six hits, no earned runs



Joe Pennington was hit by pitch and walked, set up key Yankee runs.

SOME FRESH FACES

by precisely the man the team depends on most: Mickey Mantle for New York, Ken Boyer for St. Louis. Otherwise, neither dominated the scene, because this was turning out to be a Series in which many of the leading characters were young-

er men, newer faces—rookies like Mike Shannon and Mel Stottlemyre, almost-rookies like Tim McCarver, who won the fifth game in the 10th inning, hitherto obscure figures like Carl Warwick. For William Leggett's day-by-day account, turn the page.

continued



Del Mazzilli, normally a shortstop, played second and fielded brilliantly.



Mike Shannon's two-run homer was big hit in Cardinals' first-of-two wins.



Mel Stottlemyre saved the tough game with four out of six shutout innings.



Carl Warwick tied a Series record with three straight pinch singles.



Tim McCarver, Cardinals' catcher, got three runners home in ninth game.

1

GAME

The first game of the 61st World Series was distinguished by the presence of two third basemen named Boyer, two umpires named Smith and two St. Louis managers—one of them employed by the Yankees. There was also a record-tying number of hits for a first game, 24, partially caused by a 20-mile-an-hour wind; the Cardinals used 11 of their 12 to put men in scoring position, and they won 9-5.

A Series in Busch Stadium brought back old memories to the opposing managers. Thirty-eight years ago, when Johnny Keane was 14, he had stood in line for six hours to buy a bleacher seat at the stadium for the first Series game to be played in St. Louis. Yogi Berra recalled that he had mowed lawns and run errands so he could afford a seat behind home plate when the old Browns had played the Yankees.

Before Keane and Berra met formally at home plate the St. Louis starters had met in their clubhouse high above the field and discussed how they could beat Whitey Ford, the winningest pitcher (10-7) in Series history. Their overwhelming conclusion was that because Ford does not walk hitters in big games they would have to swing at pitches early in his sequences. This strategy began to work in the second inning, with the Yankees leading 3-1. Shannon hit the first pitch thrown to him for a single, McCarver popped up on a first pitch, Maxvill tracked a second pitch to the mound that moved Shannon to second, and Sadecki, after being forced to check his swing on a high pitch, drove the next one to right field to bring in Shannon. Although New York got another run and went ahead 4-2, the Cardinal strategy won the game in the fifth.

Boyer singled on the first pitch but Shannon, ready to swing on his first one, had to take it far inside. He then hit the next one 475 feet for a tying homer. After Tim McCarver doubled, Pinch Hitter Carl Warwick lined the first pitch from Reliever Al Downing to left, and the Cards were never behind again.

The Yankee infielders had some trouble

with the exceptionally hard Busch Stadium infield, where ground balls often do not bounce truly, and the outfielders were bothered by the wind and sun. (Cardinal outfielders use different shades of sunglasses as a game progresses.) Tresh lost Flood's fly ball in the sun in the sixth, and it went for a triple, scoring Javier; Mantle overthrew home on Sadecki's single in the second, and Shannon scored.

What may have been the game's decisive play occurred in the second when, with one out, the Yankees had Ford on second and Linz on first. They had already scored three runs and seemed on the way to a big inning. Richardson lined a hit to left, and Ford, burdened by a windbreaker and a slow runner at best, came into third and was waved on by Coach Frank Crosetti. As Cardinal Fielder Brock threw home, Third Baseman Boyer moved into position as if to cut it off, thus holding Linz at second. Brock's throw was perfect, and Ford was out at home by many feet. The Yankees might have had the bases loaded with one out and Maris, Mantle and Howard coming up. With two out and Linz and Richardson on base, Maris struck out.

If the game seemed to indicate that this Series would belong to the hitters, one Cardinal at least had a different view. Dick Groat sat by his locker sipping a beer afterward and said, "Every Series, just like every season, is decided by pitching, and I refuse to believe this one will not be."

2

GAME

A rather unkind saying circulates around the American League: "They shot the wrong McKinley." It reflects the players' frequent disagreement with calls by William Francis McKinley, the 54-year-old umpire who is second in point of service among all umpires in his league. After McKinley's call in the sixth inning of the second game, the saying was going the rounds of National League players, too.

The score was tied 1-1 with the Yankees' Joe Pepitone at bat and a runner on first base. McKinley, umpiring behind the plate, held that a pitch from Cardi-

nal right-hander Bob Gibson hit Pepitone on the right thigh. Later, Pepitone said that the pitch hit him on the left thigh. The Cardinals maintained all along that the pitch never hit Pepitone at all, and they put up a long and loud argument. Right or wrong, McKinley's decision resulted in the Yankees' second run, later they got six more to win 8-3 and even the Series.

The Cardinals might argue about McKinley's call, but they had to agree that the hero of the game was tall, gaunt Mel Stottlemyre, the 22-year-old Yankee rookie right-hander. Stottlemyre, brought up in August from Richmond, won nine games—every one of them needed to give New York its fifth consecutive pennant—and he did something in his first Series game that few National League pitchers had been able to accomplish all season. He stopped cold the first five Cards in the batting order. These five—Flood, Brock, White, Boyer and Groat—are all genuine .300 hitters. In 18 at bats against Stottlemyre they drove only three balls out of the infield and only one was a hit—a triple in the ninth inning by Groat when the Yankees were leading 8-2.

What Groat had said after the first game proved to be exactly right in the second. The Yankees had Stottlemyre and the Cardinals got only so-so pitching from Gibson and horrendous work from a bullpen that allowed four runs in a single inning of work. Gibson started strong, striking out five Yankees in the first two innings, a performance reminiscent of Sandy Koufax's first two innings against the Yankees last year. The Cardinals went ahead 1-0 in the third, but the Yankees tied it in the fourth and went ahead in the sixth after McKinley's call.

Stottlemyre lived up to his reputation as a low-ball specialist, keeping his pitches around the Cardinals' knees all afternoon. He forced the Cardinals to hit the ball on the ground 16 times, and the Yankee infield had no trouble this time with ground balls. The most impressive thing about Stottlemyre, however, was his poise on the two occasions when he was in serious trouble. Ken Boyer, who often looked bad swinging at Stottlemyre's low pitches, said: "That kid was more effective when he got behind on our hitters than when he was ahead of them. And he got hit hard twice by balls hit back at him, but he

continued



Yankees on the base paths in first game. Pinch hitter Blanchard is safe at second, but Ford, sent home by Crosetti, is out by a wide margin.





Stottlemyre, who beat the Cards by keeping the ball around their knees, pitches to Boyer.

never got rattled. That's what impressed me the most. It had to impress anybody."

Pushing his teammate for honors was Phil Linz, who had three hits, one a homer, and a superb day afield. But it was Roger Maris who came up with the best fielding play of the first two games. Running hard, he made a one-handed catch of a drive by McCarver, hit the wall but held on to the ball. It wasn't really necessary, as things turned out, but it was a jewel in its own right.

GAME 3

Elston Howard sat on the short gray stool in his dressing cubicle at Yankee Stadium late Saturday afternoon. "I've been a Yankee for 10 years," he said, "and this is my ninth World Series, covering 1 don't know how many games [54]. But this game was the most exciting one I've ever seen, because of the way it was played and the way it ended."

Since the Yankees won this one, Howard may be forgiven some prejudices. Certainly Pittsburgh fans would argue that Bill Mazeroski's ninth-inning homer in 1960 provided more excitement than the ninth-inning homer by Mantle that bent the Cardinals 2-1 last Saturday. But both were highly dramatic moments, and this third game was also a thriller all the way.

Curt Simmons and Jim Bouton pitched extremely well, and five outstanding plays were made in the infield. The Cardinals had the go-ahead run on third base in the sixth, seventh and ninth innings but could not bring it in. The Yankees were bothered by Simmons' off-speed pitches. He forced them to hit 17 balls to infielders for outs. Bouton did not strike out as many hitters as he normally does but he got the Cardinals to hit the ball almost exactly where he wanted them to hit it. The first five Cards in the order had two hits in 21 times at bat and one of those was an infield single by White, his only hit in 11 tries in the Series.

Still, after all the close plays and tight

continued



Bouton kept losing his cap and picking it up all through the third game. It happened 47 times but did not seem to bother him or the batters. He also picked up his first Series victory.



Mantle eludes the first pitch thrown to him for the game-winning homer. As he rounds third Crosetti joins him for the trip home, and Ken Boyer waits dejectedly toward the dugout.





In the Series' best play, Groat goes far to the left to get Maris' grounder on the first-base side of second, grabs the ball just after it kicks up

pitching, the classic moment came with the score tied in the bottom of the ninth and Mantle at bat against Barney Schultz. Schultz had come in after Simmons left for a pinch hitter in the top of the inning. Probably more than any other player, Schultz was responsible for the Cardinals' first pennant in 18 years. Keane had recruited him from Jacksonville on Aug. 1 when the Cards needed bullpen help desperately, and his knuckle ball saved 11 games and won one through the Cardinals' late surge.

Keane felt Schultz was his most reliable reliever, and the two-month record indicates he was right. In 20 years of baseball Schultz has been with 18 teams, some of them two or three times; when Keane sent him to Jacksonville early this year, he was almost ready to quit. All the St. Louis players were sorry to see him go, because he is a pleasant 38-year-old with a fine sense of humor. They put the oversize mitt that had been used to catch his knuckler in the team's mailbox under his name, and every day when they came to work it served to remind them of an old pro's dedication.

Schultz threw just one pitch to Mantle—"a knuckler that didn't knuckle"—and Mantle hit it into the third tier of the right-field stands. Schultz stood on the mound, looking in toward home plate for a long moment, and then he slowly walked to the dressing room, sat down and cried.

Mantle's homer was his 16th in Series competition, and it broke Babe Ruth's record. If it seems that a long string of Yankees have been winning Series games with homers in the bottom of the ninth inning, the fact is that Mantle's was only the second in 161 Series games. "When I hit the ball," he said, "I thought it might go foul." It was fair by 40 feet,

GAME 4

As quick as you can say Linz, Richardson, Maris and Mantle—all of whom got consecutive hits—starting Pitcher Ray Sadecki was out of the fourth game and the Yankees had a 2-0 lead. Keane brought in Roger Craig, and Howard hit Craig's first pitch for a single to right center, making the score 3-0 but also driving in the last Yankee run of the game. Thereafter, except for a brief lapse in the third, Craig's curve worked beautifully: 17 of 22 pitches following Howard's hit were strikes. The day before the Series started, Carolyn Craig had said in St. Louis: "Roger has three World Series rings already, and when he gets the fourth he can line them up just like the Bentleys." Whatever Craig does with the fourth ring, he earned it.

In the third, with two out, he walked Mantle and Howard but made up for that quickly. Pitching to Tresh, he noticed that Mantle was taking such a long lead off second that he could see daylight between Mantle and Groat's right hip. The pickoff went on: Craig wheeled and threw to second, and Groat made a good tag on Mantle's hand for the third out of what might have been another disastrous inning for St. Louis.

Craig struck out three Yankees in the fourth and had an easy fifth before Keane pulled him for a pinch hitter at the start of the sixth. He felt he was doing too well to come out, but pitchers who hit like Roger Craig are not often allowed to lead off a World Series inning

when their team is three runs behind.

Carl Warwick went up instead and singled for his third pinch hit of the Series, tying a record. Flood followed with a single that moved Warwick to second and, after an out, Groat hit a homer to Richardson. As he hit the ball Groat said to himself, "There goes a double play." Richardson moved well on the ball, but it stuck momentarily in his glove; his late flap to Linz, covering second, went over Linz's left shoulder and the Cards had the bases loaded with one out and Boyer coming to bat.

Downing's second pitch to Boyer was a high changeup, and Boyer was expecting it, because Downing had struck him out with the same pitch in the first game. He drove it into the left-field stands for a grand slam homer, and the Cardinals had a 4-3 lead. Lanky Ron Taylor replaced Craig and, using the bazy, checkered background to perfect advantage ("The worst background I've ever hit against," Groat said later), he pitched right to the Yankee power and got 12 of the last 13 batters out. No one could see the ball well, and only Roger Maris hit it hard. Maris slammed a grounder back at Taylor in the eighth, and Taylor partially deflected it. Groat, shading over toward second, picked up the flight of the ball as it came off Maris' bat. He went three steps to the right of second base, lunged and got the ball, swiveled quickly and threw Maris out. It was the best play of the series so far, and the fourth good one by Groat.

"When the Yankees got those three runs in the first inning," said Flood in the clubhouse, "it whacked our butts. We play better when we have to come from behind, because we're a team that just keeps bouncing. We've been bouncing all year."



puff of dust. As Masvill falls out of his way, Groat whirls and whips a perfect, hard throw to first to beat Maris, a good runner, by a full step.

GAME 5

Bob Gibson came out for the fifth game remembering how he had started so strongly in St. Louis only to tire in the late innings. This time he paced himself beautifully, relying on his curve instead of his fast ball for a long spell. He struck out 12 Yankees, dominating the power hitters for 8 1/3 innings, cutting them down whenever there were runners in scoring position.

And he did more. It was Gibson who started the Cards on their two-run fifth inning by blooming a single to left. Tresh

could not get a jump on the ball, and it dropped for what seemed like a sure double. As Gibson swept around first and headed for second, however, he fell and had to return to first. Flood then bounced to Richardson, who messed up a possible double play. Lou Brock, hitless in his last 14 times at bat, singled to right, scoring Gibson and moving Flood to third. ("Before the game," said Brock later, "I decided to try breaking my slump by standing up straight in the batter's box.") White scored Flood with a grounder for his first RBI of the Series.

Gibson's trouble in the ninth started with an error by Groat on Mantle's lead-off grounder. After it happened Groat said to himself, "Every error in this Series has turned out to be costly," and he was quickly proved right. Peppitone hit a liner that bounced off Gibson's hip, and

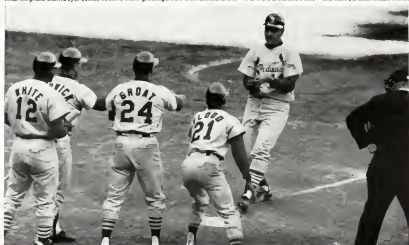
the pitcher made an astounding recovery to throw him out. But Tresh then slammed a long homer into the right-field bleachers, and the game was tied.

It was a seeming lifesaver for the Yankees, but in the 10th the Cards bounced back again and Tim McCarver won the dramatic game with another homer, driving in White and Boyer. "I was just trying to hit it deep enough to score White from third," said McCarver. "I couldn't believe it. In the dugout I started laughing like a crazy man."

The Yankees, behind three games to two, were not laughing. Their expected edge in home-run hitting in the Stadium had not materialized. They had won one game with a homer, but St. Louis had won two the same way. The Yankees headed back to St. Louis with a long hill to climb.

END

After his grand slam, Boyer comes home to warm greetings from the men he drove in — Warwick, Groat and Flood — and next Cardinal hitter, White.



CUT 'EM OFF AT FORWARD PASS

That ground-hugging midwestern badman, Woody Hayes of Ohio State, sets up an aerial ambush for his most faithful imitators, the vaunted Illini, and confuses them into a humiliating 26-0 defeat by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

Playing Ohio State is a little like volunteering for a waterfront ramble. It isn't just a sporting event, it's a benefit for bone surgeons. Teams that play Ohio State go into the game feeling that the best that can happen is that they will merely become unimpaired. The worst that can happen is what happened to Illinois' Rose Bowl champions at Champaign last Saturday. They not only lost the game, 26-0, but also their status, their pride, their illusions and—an all probability—their Big Ten football title.

The illusions were the hardest to part with. For four and a half years Coach Pete Elliott has been trying to get Illinois football players to accept winning as naturally as breathing. It was not easy. They once lost 15 consecutive games under him, and the crowds began to dwindle. Against Michigan State in 1962 Illinois drew only 19,547 fans ("They didn't have enough people to hear your echo when you yelled," says one fan). But Elliott carried out one of the most effective recruiting programs in Big Ten history and put together a team that caught the winning idea as if it were virulent. Before it was over, Illinois had won the Big Ten title, gone to the Rose Bowl and left Washington looking like a bunch of guys who had just fallen through a skylight.

Since his arrival at Illinois, Elliott has patterned his teams in the Ohio State image. He wanted—like Ohio State—players so big that seismographs trembled when they walked on a football field. Dick Butkus (SI, Oct. 12), who plays linebacker with the authority of a Marine sergeant, weighs 243 pounds; Tackle Archie Sutton weighs 260. He wanted them tough and hard-nosed but filled with compassion for their fellow man: they were always to frisk their victims for signs of life before throwing them away. Fred Custardo won the first-string quarterback job this year on the day when—as a freshman—he stuck his hand under the face mask of a lineman, mashed him in the face and snapped: "Nobody talks in the huddle but me." It was a little like courting oblivion but

the lineman took it—and Custardo took command.

Illinois' style of football became much like that of Ohio State. Nothing fancy—just good wholesome gang war in the interior of the line. Like Coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State, Elliott stressed the quarterback-fullback offense. In Illinois' last 12 games—10 last season and two this season—the quarterback and fullback handled the ball on 72.5% of the plays, letting the halfbacks have it only when the rest of the team went home to eat. Elliott also preferred a defense that gave ground like it was money. On only four plays all last season did the opposition gain more than 20 yards. The other 99% of the time Illinois yielded

ground by the inch. To be sure, Illinois didn't have the snap and drill-team precision of Ohio State. Nor did it score big: only once last season did Illinois get more than 20 points in a game. But it was, like Ohio State's offense, enough to suffice—and to win the conference title.

The irony is that as Illinois became more and more a mirror image of Ohio State, Ohio State itself was changing. More and more Woody Hayes was accepting the existence—even the possibilities—of aerial warfare. Last year Ohio State attempted more passes than Michigan State, and completed more, on the average, than Illinois. In practice, the Buckeyes worked on a "volley-

Using the old success formula, Quarterback Don Unreinberth hands off to Fullback Willard



ball defense," in which a ball is tipped in the air by one player and snared by another. It wasn't the first time that Woody Hayes had tried passing. When he first came to Ohio State he embraced the pass as cordially as any other coach: In 1951 Ohio State threw 172 passes, upped it to 217 the next year, and in 1953 threw another 181. But Ohio State won only 11 out of 20 Big Ten games during those seasons, and the alums were parodying one of their own alma mater's songs:

*Come let's sing Ohio's praise;
Say goodbye to Woody Hayes.*

So the next year, 1954, Woody became more conservative. Ohio State threw only 125 passes, and reduced that figure to 50 and 51 in the next two years—or just a few more passes in those three seasons than it had thrown in 1952 alone. It was clear that Woody much preferred grinding away at the middle of the line with the belly series and full-back smashes. Sometimes the action was

continued

Barber, who scored twice against Illinois.



Doing it the new way, Unverferth rolls out and starts to use State's secret weapon—the pass.

so thick at times that trying to locate the ball was a little like trying to pick up a token in a subway turnstile during rush hour. Rivals jeered at everything but the results: Ohio State won the conference championship in three of those five years, and in one of them became the only team since 1913 to capture the conference title with seven consecutive wins.

But this season the substitution rule became almost as free as in the postwar years. That means teams could platoon, develop offensive and defensive specialists. Relieved of the burden of teaching both offense and defense to the same boys, Hayes decided to use the bonus time teaching the offense blocking on pass defense, how to run pass patterns and even so often a concept as how to throw and catch the ball. Hayes became so enamored of the pass that he put two quarterbacks, not just one, into his backfield. One of them, Tom Barrington, plays left half. He is a strong, versatile boy who can—in the tradition of Ohio State quarterbacks—run better than he passes. The other, Don Unverferth, breaks that tradition. He is a quarterback who can pass better than he runs. Unverferth has large hands—he wears a size 13 glove—and he puts the index finger of his right hand on the rear tip of the ball, like a man about to throw a dart. ("You see, my brother was a quarterback, and we'd play catch and he'd always pass it to me but I'd just throw it back to him any way I could," he says.) The result is a quick, hard pass that an Ohio State's first two games led to completions 60.6% of the time.

Hayes went about preparing for the Illinois game as carefully as a Prussian general. First he circulated a dirty rumor about Butkus—that he was merely mortal. This was not easy to prove. Last year Butkus nailed Ohio State Halfback Paul Warfield with a tackle that separated him from the football and set up an Illinois touchdown. Then he rattled Unverferth around on blitzes that set up another touchdown. But now Woody was shrewd enough not to test Butkus or the rest of the hurly Illinois defense in head-to-head combat. Instead, he decided on a subtler tactic. Its seed could be found in a book on military strategy that Woody tucked into his luggage as he descended on Champaign. Part of its message was the indirect approach to combat delineated by Hanson Baldwin,

the military analyst of *The New York Times*.

The translation from battlefield to ball field became clear in the first few minutes of play when Ohio State intercepted one of Custardo's third-down passes with its volleyball defense. The pass hit the receiver's fingertips, and an Ohio State defender, John Fill, pucked it off and ran it back 49 yards to the Illinois 23-yard line. On the first play Illinois was set for a wide halfback sweep or a pass, that's what Ohio State customarily does after a sudden turnover. Woody gave them the illusion of the sweep but not its substance. He set up the whole flow of the play to the right and then sent Unverferth bootlegging inside left end. Butkus and the whole Illinois defense followed the play to the right, searching the various Ohio State backs for the one who had the ball. "No-body even touched me until I got to the two-yard line," said Unverferth later. That gave Ohio State its first touchdown and set the tone for the whole game. Thereafter, the counteraction plays and bootlegs had Illinois lunging hopelessly in the wrong direction. Butkus' superb instinct for football was entirely neutralized by this indirect approach. When he wasn't frozen by the action of a counterplay, he was wrestling desperately with fullback fakes into the line. "Hanson Baldwin," said Woody, "would have been proud of us today."

Woody's short list

So would Sammy Baugh or any of the high priests of passing. Ohio State ran twice as many ground plays as pass plays, but the team netted more yardage in the air than on the ground. On the cuff of adhesive tape that Woody wears on his left forearm during a game was printed his "short list" of plays. Illinois had seen only seven different plays in scouting Ohio State against Indiana. Now Woody had 15 running plays printed in blue ink on the cuff. "And I hate to admit it, but almost that many passes," he said. One of them was a tackle-eligible play that worked twice for 37 yards. "We got burned by that play in the past," said Woody. "I'll tell you, if they want to come and crowd us again, we'll pass next week too."

But it was, finally, defense that won the game for Ohio State. Hayes had worked hard on defense. He put the first-string defensive team against his

first-string offensive team for 25 minutes on Wednesday and "they [the defense] really cut us up." ("To the offense he said: 'You guys look like Andy Gump.'") By Friday night the defense was so keyed up that a few of the players whiled away the hours throwing up. On Saturday afternoon, however, the defense did not allow Illinois to get any closer to the Ohio State goal than the 31-yard line—and even that holdness did not come until midway through the fourth quarter when Ohio State held a 26-0 edge. In fact, Illinois got into Ohio State territory only four times all day, once in each quarter. The Ohio State defense repeatedly took the ball away in Illinois territory. Four of the five scores came with turnovers in Illinois territory—interceptions, recovered fumbles or the forcing of poor punts. "Our offense simply took advantage of the opportunities that our defense bought for us," said Hayes.

It stands to reason that if Woody Hayes can fall in love with the forward pass, anything can happen in the Big Ten, even at Michigan. For the last five years the Wolverines, under Coach Bump Elliott, have played such unsuccessfully conservative football that they have been accused of stealing Ohio State's worst plays. But last Saturday it finally became clear to even the most sullen and rebellious rooters of Michigan that a change has taken place. The Wolverines, ranked seventh in the country, beat Michigan State, ranked ninth, 17-10, for the first time since 1955, and in the process looked just about as exciting and powerful as the revamped Buckeyes.

Take the play that won the game. Losing 10-9 with less than five minutes left, Michigan scored when Quarterback Bob Timberlake pitched out to Halfback Rick Sygar—pretty daring stuff right there—who in turn lofted a 31-yard touchdown pass to End John Henderson. Unheard of. The victory kept Michigan undefeated and marked November 21 as a banner day in the Big Ten, the day that rattle-dazzle Michigan meets hyper-dipper Ohio State in the game that will likely mean the Rose Bowl, if not the national title.

END

With his list of plays fastened securely to his wrist, Coach Woody Hayes surveys the battle.



THE DOVES AND GONGS OF TOKYO

Amid clouds, birds, eerie music, political dissension, shoplifters, collapsing bicycles and athletes who did not like raw fish at all, the Olympic Games opened impressively, beautifully and right on schedule **by JACK OLSEN**

The main head on the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri* blared it COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BETTER BEGINNING, and the *Asahi Evening News* proclaimed FESTIVE MOOD ENGULFS A JOYOUS NATION. For once, the Japanese headlines were moderate statements of fact. In a spasm of color and style, the athletes were off and running and jumping and throwing and swimming in the XVIII Olympics, the first ever to be held in Asia, the first ever to be timed by transistorized devices down to hundredths of a second, and the first ever opened to spooky electronic music, deep-throated gongs and F-86s drawing lazy Olympic circles in the sky.

For sheer magnitude and intensity of color, the opening ceremonies were over-

powering—a painting done by tens of thousands of Orientalized Joan Miró running wild across the landscape with giant palette knives. There were the outlandishly indecent blue trousers of the Puerto Ricans, the flowing golden robes of the Ghanaians, the cherry-blossom pink of the British and German women, the grass-green blazers of the Aussies and the thousand other tones and shades of the athletes' uniforms, all set against an infield manicured like a putting green. There were 10,000 balloons and 8,000 doves and salvos of daytime firecrackers, black and silver swirls going off like ack-ack and star shells in the bright blue sky. And lending dignity and order to it all was the Emperor, 5

feet 3½ inches of unassailable decorum, bowing in gentle two-inch arcs about three times a minute as the athletes paraded before him and the 75,778 spectators. His entrance and his exit were accompanied by high-pitched electronic music set against a throbbing of gongs from sacred temples of Japan. "These sounds," it was explained, "are the symbols of the soul of the Japanese people, being transmitted to the world."

As the opening ceremonies went off without a whisper of a hitch, one could sense a massive sigh of relief breaking across Japan. For a year now, the Olympic Games have kept the Japanese on the edge of apoplexy. Asa's first Olympiad could be the *maraschino* cherry on

Looking like refugees from a road company of "Marty," Ralph Boston, Gerry Lindgren and Tom O'Hara wonder what to do on the Gioza.



top of Japan's postwar rise to dignity, or it could be a face-losing debacle that could only be matched this year in Philadelphia. The country put on its work clothes, its hard hats and its safety shoes, and no one was excused. The Emperor practiced for weeks in the Imperial Palace to perfect his timing for the opening ceremonies. Tokyo's workmen were advised to cease and desist from their habit of lounging around the air-conditioned airport in their underwear, and it was trumpeted from Hokkaido to Okinawa that urinating in the streets was now considered gauche. Signs in taxis, those four-wheeled hearse operated by frustrated kamikaze pilots, advised cabbies to "decorate the Olympics with proper traffic manners," and a truck driver who banged a Swiss cyclist right out of the Olympics was pictured in the newspapers performing a deep bow of apology to his hospitalized victim. Kiyoshi Fujita, a laborer who likes his sake, was sentenced to 30 days in jail for roughing up a bed of amaranth flowers planted for the Olympic visitors in Nagoya, 150 miles from the site of the Games. A midnight curfew was clamped on Tokyo's night life, leading one columnist to bemoan that Tokyo "will become the world's dreariest tourist capital," and the young maidens of Tokyo were warned via posters and pamphlets to ask themselves one question while on dates with foreigners: "Is this man actually offering me an honorable proposition, or is he only interested in deceiving me so he can enjoy me as his Tokyo wife while he is here?" Some 270,000 policemen in all were to be on duty for the Games, and pickpockets were given fair warning that their pictures had been circularized and that their presence was earnestly unsolicited for the Games. The Tokyo Turkish baths, which used to provide all sorts of ancillary services at the drop of a yen, were cleaned up, to the total surprise of at least one athlete, who may not be identified even as to hemisphere affiliation. "I went to a Turkish bath in the Ginza the other night," he confided,

continued

Bicycles and umbrellas, such as these with U.S. wrestler Larry Kristoff, caused distress.



"and what do you think happened?"

"What?"

"They gave me a Turkish bath!" he said indignantly.

But in spite of all the meticulous planning, all the magnificent new stadiums and gymnasiums and pools, all the moral and physical scrubbing of Tokyo, there still were complaints and minor losses of face for the Japanese. Two big companies sent 650 bicycles to the Olympic Village for the free use of anyone, and the visiting athletes promptly set about demolishing them. A bulky Australian stepped on one and snapped the pedal off. French Swimmer Christine Caron got a flat tire, causing terrible angst in the Japanese community. Weight lifters climbed on the bikes and subsided to the ground. By the end of a week of use and abuse, 100 bicycles were in for repair.

The free bamboo umbrellas proved inadequate in the heavy rains and wound

up littered all over the Olympic Village, causing another outbreak of national shame. And table lamps in the living quarters had a tendency to snap in half as weary athletes, not knowing their own strength, yanked on the chains. The ultracourteous Japanese heaped all the blame on themselves, when in fact the fault lay as much with the high-spirited Olympians. As one Japanese commented laughingly: "We should have anticipated the strength of these barbarians!"

By the time the Games opened, the Rumanians had already won the Olympic gold medal for freestyle complaining. Their roof leaked. They were not provided with enough interpreters. The bikes were no good and one of their athletes fell from one and was injured. And what were those pictures of nude men doing on the walls of the Rumanian women's quarters? The Japanese explained that they were pictures of honored samo-

champions performing the *dohyo-iri* ceremonies. Well, said the Rumanians, they would have to come down. A naked man was a naked man no matter what ceremony he was performing.

The manager of the Hungarian water polo team put in a beef, along with several other managers, about the depth of the pool. Karoly Luky complained that his shortest player, who was 5 feet 3, could stand on the bottom with his nose out of the water, proving that the pool was too shallow. The Yugoslav team, tallest of all, remained becomingly silent: they had found that they could shoot the ball from a standing position, an unholy advantage in water polo if you can get away with it. Julian Roosevelt, the blue-blooded manager of the U.S. yachting team, threatened to withdraw the U.S. boats after he read a posted warning that yachtsmen should beware of wind from press helicopters and wash from press boats. The warning, he said, deeply annoyed, was put to the wrong group: it should have been put to the press. L. B. Curnow, captain of the Australian equestrian team, filed a formal protest about the training facilities: "They must have been prepared by officials who know nothing of the preparations necessary to fit a horse for the most grueling test." The West Germans complained about the food. On their first day the German athletes were served fish, which is usually uncooked or barely cooked in Japan. On the second day they demanded steak, and this too was served almost raw. "We simply won't eat it, and we'll lose weight," said Sprinter Jutta Heine, who has a weight problem.

The Germans, who brought on their own troubles by eschewing the Village and living in Hakone, a watering spot south of Tokyo, found that they were sharing living quarters with rats domiciled in the double walls between rooms. "We could hear them scratch and tear down pieces of wood all night," said Friedrich Roderfeld. Another German, Heinz Schumann, was up from 3 to 7 one morning chasing rats with his shippers. None of this disturbed Jürgen Kafelder, clearly a thriver on adversity. "Forget it," he told his teammates. "They are just mice." Mice or rats, they murdered sleep.

The Americans, for the most part, were rat-free, uncomplaining and relaxed. U.S. Track Coach Bob Gienagack of Yale had been advised in New

Businesslike Zoya Skaptsova signs autographs for kids at Russian camp outside Tokyo.



York a year ago to train his team outside of Tokyo, and the farther outside the better. The advice had come from Soviet Coach Gabriel Korobkov. "He told me we'd find ourselves trampled to death in the Olympic Village in Tokyo," Giegengack recalled. "He said there was no place to throw the hammer, discus and javelin, and the track was no good. But it's been all right. It's a little crowded but we've divided our workouts into three different areas. It might as well be Newark as far as we're concerned."

The Soviet track team, at Korobkov's insistence, was training in Utsunomiya, 90 miles northwest of Tokyo, and it was either the most confident team at the Games or the bluffingest. Riding on the high-speed train from Tokyo, Tamara Prev yawning and announced that she would win two gold medals. Her sister Irina said she would win the same number. Thus having awarded themselves

four gold medals *a priori* without so much as hefting a discus or lacing on a track shoe, the two irrepressibles went about their business, which in Tamara's case consisted of falling asleep against High Jumper Valeri Brumel (who deftly wriggled free) and filling the railroad car with the sonorous beauty of her snores. She characterized the team: loose, happy, optimistic. Head Coach Korobkov, who, if he were an American, would have to be described bromidically as "a good Joe," explained that the poor Soviet showing at Los Angeles in July was simply a matter of season: the Russian track and field activity starts later than the American. "This time," he said, "we have no excuse and we only have to let the cream of our athletes sweep all possible gold medals." Broad Jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan said he would be able to handle Ralph Boston with no difficulty. Ter-O was more interested in

finding out why U.S. officials had called off the spy case in New York.

Wherever one looked, the Soviet training grounds were full of frolics and gambols. A hurly Russian finished some warmup exercises, then grabbed one of the girls by the waist and hoisted her high in the air to the accompaniment of giggles and laughs of delight. A Soviet hurdler challenged a female to a race, but both collapsed with laughter midway in the event. Another Russian found himself sprinting against a Japanese official, who gave out after 30 yards and complimented his adversary in an elaborate show of admiration. The cheery Ter-Ovanesyan grabbed a vaulter's pole, took a short run and lifted himself into a tree. Luckily he was not seen by Korobkov, who would have lost some of his good nature at such skylarking.

There was speculation, of course, that the Russians' *evm* was strictly from Stanislavski, that it was all part of a plan to "psych out" the Americans, an ancient Olympic ploy. U.S. Shotputter Parry O'Brien, no cherubim himself at this fine art, said that the simple fact that the Russians were training so far away was in itself an attempt at cerebral warfare. "Just listen to all the wild rumors you hear about the Russians doing this and the Russians doing that and you'll know what I mean," he said. For his part, O'Brien was not being psyched out by anybody. One day a Polish shotputter strolled over to him and said, "You throw, me throw, we tape." The Pole's first put was over 62 feet. O'Brien, just back from weight training, was still stiff, and his first attempt fell far short. On the second try the Pole again bettered 62 feet. This time O'Brien figured he had had enough, and he let loose a heave in the neighborhood of 64 feet, a neighborhood his competitor had not yet visited. The Pole picked up his shot, put it in his bag and walked away with Chopinesque dignity.

On the other hand, U.S. Miller Tom O'Hara came away second best from another encounter of the same sort. He ran a workout half mile with New Zealand's Peter Snell and finished up visibly shaken. O'Hara's time was a commendable 1:48 plus. Snell rambled around in 1:47.1, leaving O'Hara, who normally looks like a pale junior-high-schooler, a study in white on white. "Tough," O'Hara mumbled. "He looks tough. He's so strong."

continued

At Olympic Village boy admires girl—in this case Rita Poldor, a Spanish swimmer.



U.S. Men's Swimming Coach Jim Counsilman was singing the blues like Woody Hayes. With his swimmers picked to win just about everything, Counsilman sniffed disaster. "It's damned if you do and damned if you don't," he said. "It's like having to win a football game by 50 points. Why do we have to win everything? I just hope that the boys don't get too tensed up thinking about what they're expected to do." Counsilman said he had noticed that the American girl swimmers, most of them barely into adolescence, seemed jumpy and edgy. "They're not smiling the way they usually do," he said.

They may not have been, but plenty of other young ladies were, especially at night, when they assembled in the International Club of the Olympic Village and danced their pretty heads off. "When the American girls are dancing," said Sprinter Paul Drayton, a firm believer in happiness, "those are the nights, man." Joe Frazier, the heavyweight boxer, chimed in. "They do the crossfire, the pony, the hunt, the monkey. They're all dances, you know."

"You miss the American girls when they're not here," Drayton went on. "The other girls are willing, but they don't know the steps. Our girls were told by one of the coaches not to dance because it might tighten their legs. He didn't say *not* to dance. There was no ultimatum. He was just advising." Not many took his advice.

Now and then a few athletes wandered into Tokyo and enjoyed various mysterious encounters with the Orientals. America's Gerry Lindgren, the 18-year-old 10,000-meter specialist whose daily schedule calls for 30 miles of running, took a wrong turn and jogged into the sacrosanct park surrounding Emperor Hirohito's palace, where he soon found himself hemmed in by guards who did not speak English and who would not release him. A few attempts at sign language got him nowhere, but then Lindgren lifted a shoe and showed the guards his spikes, whereupon he was permitted to go and sin no more.

The same day Hurdler Hayes Jones stood in front of an empty tray in the cafeteria and pronounced the only Japanese word he knew: "Hai," which means "yes."

"Hai!" said the Japanese attendant, failing to understand that Jones wanted the tray to be refilled.



Delicate lines of Nikko Hotel rise behind solid figure of Otsuka Thrower Niss Penemaryeva.

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Reaching back for a little extra linguistically, Jones said, "Hai! Hai!"

The Japanese responded immediately to this new American game. He laughed and said, "Hai! Hai!" The two stood there shouting *hai* at each other over the counter until Jones finally said, "Hey, man, come on. Give me some salad!" Instantly he was provided with enough lettuce and tomatoes for 10 men, which occasioned another round of *hai*s, a few bows and a perplexed look on the part of the American.

One night a manufacturer of track equipment took U.S. Sprinters Paul Drayton, Uis Williams and Henry Carr to a *geisha* house (a *geisha* house is not a home, but it is not a house, either), where another epicurean difference of opinion popped up. Talking about it the next day, the cheery Drayton was still in a state of euphoria. "Great!" he said. "Wonderful! Magnificent! They fed us. They actually sat there and fed us!"

"Yeah," said Carr, unimpressed. "They fed us seaweed."

More piquant times were enjoyed by those who visited the Japanese nightclubs whose hostesses are sort of Oriental B-girls. Giggling and grasping, they give the old come-on to the handsome and the ugly, the scintillating and the insipid with equal ebullience, so long as the customer keeps on swilling drinks and setting up drinks for the girls. It may be said without exaggeration that never before have so many officials, coaches, timers, journalists and athletes nibbled so many cars to so little avail, and at such high cost. One night a pair of Australian weight lifters had a happy time in a bar on the last night of liberty before their final training program. Hostesses came and went, merrily ordering drinks, and at the end the Aussies were presented with a bill for \$80. They paid up and grabbed a policeman, who talked the manager into making a 50% refund. The Aussies accepted the money and then gave it back, in the interests of international accord.

But what East was doing to West was as nothing compared to what West was doing to East at the Japanese stores in the Olympic Village, where athletes could buy goods ranging from cheap gawgaws to \$200 pearl necklaces. By the end of the first week of training, there was hardly a shop that had not taken a beating from shoppers. One unscrupulous group of athletes entered a radio

store, and while several of them engaged the clerks in conversation, others skipped with two transistor radios worth \$11 and \$22. "We are sorry we are off guard, believing all the athletes to be ladies and gentlemen representing their country," the manager said later. A watch store nearby was missing two \$20 items. A jewelry shop took a spot inventory and found a pair of \$125 pearl necklaces had been lifted, and doodad shops reported any number of stolen ballpoint pens, silk neckerchiefs and other mementoes of the Games.

The Japanese press underplayed this scandal, carrying out its motif of don't-rock-the-bout courtesy, but the consensus among old Japan hands was that a few more such larcenies would bring out another aspect of the Japanese character, and one not so palatable. Underneath their howling, smiling exteriors, the Japanese retain a layer of hostility and hurt, a sort of root complex compounded of the old warrior tradition, the memory of B-29s, and resentment of the unreasonable conviction of most *gaijin*, or foreigners, that all Japanese are patsies. Already there were Japanese who were as set against the Olympics as some New Yorkers were against the World's Fair, and one Tokyo paper went so far as to run a violent anti-Olympic diatribe on page one. A little fanning of that non-Olympic flame, plus a few more peccadilloes by the *gaijin* athletes, could produce some fancy confusions and disorders at such events as the marathon, an event which already troubles Japanese police, since they do not know if they will be able to contain the crowd along the full 26-mile course. There are rumors that disgruntled Indonesians and North Koreans will try to snarl some of the events in retaliation for the banning of some of their countrymen who took part in the 1963 Games of the New Emerging Forces at Jakarta.

So all was not necessarily peaceful beneath the exterior of flowers and ginkgo trees, Cio-cio Sans and Lieutenant Pinkertons, *geishas* and frug dancers assembled in Tokyo. One could only hope that the spectacular opening ceremonies and the first splashes of competition had served to revitalize the Olympic mystique, and the XVIII Olympiad, biggest ever, would become the most memorable. Clearly, the time had come to put away childish things. The time had come for grandeur.

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The former heavyweight champion is rooting for Cessius Clay to beat Sonny Liston next month. Then, Patterson believes, Clay would have to fight him, and in that meeting Floyd says he would never stop punching. He would be as vicious as he was the night of the second bout with Johansson. Here Patterson explains why

'I WANT TO DESTROY CLAY'

by FLOYD PATTERSON with MILTON GROSS

When Sonny Liston gave up his world heavyweight title to Cassius Clay while sitting on his stool, I couldn't believe it. A champion doesn't quit. I found myself making excuses in my own mind for the man who twice had knocked me out in one round.

"What must I be?" I kept thinking to myself. Soon afterward I learned that Clay, too, tried to quit earlier in the fight. At first I wouldn't believe that either. I thought it was just part of his play-acting, but I eventually became convinced that it was true. He had to be pushed out of his corner into the middle of the ring for the start of the fifth round by his trainer, Angelo Dundee.

"How can he wear the crown proudly?" I wondered. "What will people think of boxing now?"

Clay and Liston will be fighting again on November 16 in Boston for the title I twice held and was so proud of. People keep asking me who I think will win, and the only answer I can think to give is another question:

"Who's going to quit first?"

This is a terrible thing, because the heavyweight title is the most important championship in all sports in every part of the world. It's bigger than the man who holds it. It means more than all the money it represents. There's a tremendous responsibility on the champion that Clay and Liston obviously don't understand—to themselves, to the sport and to the public, especially in these times of such great social changes in our country and in the way the

people all over the world look at us.

It seems so ironic to me now when I remember how some people reacted when I agreed to meet Liston in 1962. He had a criminal background. Certainly, his past associations were not the best. Dr. Ralph Bunche and some officials of the N.A.A.C.P., of which I am a life member, thought that Liston should not have been given the chance to fight for the title. They felt that if he became the champion he could bring discredit to the Negroes' position. My feeling was that the title brings out the best in a man, and so many people in the Negro community had never been given the chance to rise above the surroundings into which they had been pushed.

So now we have Clay, and he's practically turned the title over to the Black Muslims. Because of that I can't respect him as a champion or as a man. He has a right to believe what he believes, but harm has been done to the Negroes' cause and the way the rest of the world regards it by the one who calls himself Muhammad Ali. I don't deny him his rights. By the same token, I have mine.

I am a Negro and I'm proud to be one, but I'm also an American. I'm not so stupid that I don't know that Negroes don't have all the rights and privileges that all Americans should have. I know that someday we will get them. God made us all, and whatever He made is good. All people—white, black and yellow—are brothers and sisters. That will be acknowledged. It will just take time, but it will never come if we

think the way the Black Muslims think.

They preach hate and separation instead of love and integration. They preach mistrust when there must be understanding. Clay is so young and has been so misled by the wrong people that he doesn't appreciate how far we have come and how much harm he has done by joining the Black Muslims. He might just as well have joined the Ku Klux Klan. One undemocratic organization is as bad as another. Put these two groups on a desert island and force them to live together and after a while you wouldn't be able to tell a Black Muslim from a white bed sheet.

Clay is handsome, articulate and seemingly intelligent. He showed a good sense of public relations before the Liston fight. He had the ability to make the gate with his mouth, which is something I admire because I know I don't have it. He could have become the most popular champion since Joe Louis and made the heavyweight title respected again, because all the people—white and black—want to respect the man who holds the title.

One way I learned about how the people feel was in the thousands and thousands of letters I got while I was the champion. They came from all over the world, from whites as well as Negroes, from the North as well as the South. One letter I'll always remember, because it showed me how evil can be turned into good and misunderstanding into understanding by living properly. It was from a man who owned a restaurant in the South. He wrote me that he never liked

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FLOYD PATTERSON • continued

Negroes, but after reading about the way I conducted myself as the champion he had changed his mind. He said I could come into his restaurant with anybody I chose to and sit down for a cup of coffee and he would sit down with us. From that point, he said, he would serve any person. Sure, it's a small thing, and it may sound condescending on his part, but I think it's important.

I don't think he wrote that letter to me as an individual, but more as the symbol of what the championship means. It's the way *they* look up to the titleholder. Would this man write to Clay as a member of the Black Muslims? I don't think so. There's only one man in the world who carries the title, and the way he carries it is more important than the man himself.

For this reason, as much as any other, before Clay signed to fight Liston again, I made the following offer, and it wasn't made lightly. Just to get the title away from the Black Muslims I said I'd fight Clay for nothing. I'd contribute my entire share of the purse to the N.A.A.C.P. I'd even sign papers before the fight that, if I won, I'd turn the title over to whoever was the No. 1 contender at the time and renounce all claims to the championship. That's how strongly I feel about it. That's one of the reasons why I continue to train, continue to fight and hope against hope that I will get another chance.

It isn't the only reason, of course, but I do feel partially responsible for the title having fallen into the wrong hands because of my own mistakes. I want to redeem myself in my own eyes and in the mind of the public. I owe so much to boxing—everything I have, the security of my family, my ability to express myself, the places I've been, the people I've met. A man has got to pay his debts or he can't live with himself comfortably.

Consequently—and paradoxically—I'm rooting for Clay to beat Liston again. If Clay wins, he must fight me. I'm the only opponent with whom he can make money. If Liston won, I'd never get the opportunity. I wouldn't deserve it; I was so terrible against him. Nobody would pay a penny to see me against him a third time unless I proved myself first against Clay. I'm realistic enough to know that. The way things are now I wouldn't pay a penny to see Liston fight me. But if I beat Clay, things

would be so different. Maybe the Black Muslims would repudiate him. It would be my small contribution to civil rights.

After I beat Eddie Machen last July in Sweden, Clay was quoted as saying I was a nothing and he doesn't fight nobodies. But he also said that if he fought me, he'd beat me, and after he beat me he would convert me. In Clay's eyes I may be nothing but a molchill, rather than a mountain, but here's one molchill willing to come to Muhammad any place and any time. I would come with more determination, more desire, more enthusiasm and more enjoyment than I would against any other opponent except Liston, and I believe I would beat him.

Why? Because I would box him. Cassius is a boxer, but I feel I box a little better. He's fast, but I'm faster. He thinks quickly, but I think quicker. He hits hard, but I hit harder and I have more experience and sincerely believe that I profited from the mistakes of which I was guilty against Liston.

I should not have fought Liston. I should have boxed him. I should never have tried to match my strength and weight against his. He was so much bigger and stronger than I was, and Clay actually taught me how wrong I was when he stayed away from Liston where I had come into him.

Maybe Liston took Clay lightly. The way Sonny came out in that first round and threw a wild right hand, you had to feel that he took Cassius for granted and felt he could take him out quickly. When Clay moved away from Liston and hit him with those jabs, something happened to Sonny. Maybe he suddenly became an old man. Maybe he suddenly realized it wouldn't be so easy, but after training for an easy fight there was no way for him to change his style.

This is what made me so disgusted with myself and why I'm so determined to prove that my own miscalculations were the cause of what happened to me. The past lives so vividly in my memory that I can't forget it. After the first fight I kept telling myself that maybe he hit me with a lucky punch. As I prepared for the second fight, Danny Florio, my trainer then but my manager now, showed me the films of Machen against Liston. Eddie went the distance, but may-

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be that was his main aim. I should have bowed, but Liston thought I was afraid of him, and this bothered me to the extent that I went in against him the second time to prove that I was not afraid, and I proved nothing. I would have been better off going into a locked room with him and seeing which one of us would have come out.

There are many things of which I'm unsure, but there are two things of which I'm absolutely certain: I am not a dirty fighter and I'm not physically afraid of any man alive. When I'm in the ring I never enters my mind to be knocked out or be hurt. In fact, I'm so unafraid of punches, it's the only reason I get hit sometimes. It was the reason Liston knocked me out the second time, and that was just plain stupid. I went to his strength instead of forcing him to come to mine, letting him try to slug and then countering, as I would the next time—if there is a next time.

Before I fought Machen, I wasn't sure there would be. There is always a little doubt, but the ease with which I won over him erased that in my mind. The referee gave him only one round and scored nine for me, with two even. Yet some who saw the fight in Stockholm still didn't think much of me as a future opponent for Clay and Liston because I didn't knock Machen out.

One of those was Ingemar Johansson, who beat me for my title once and was knocked out twice by me in return bouts. I always feel strange talking to him because I never was as vicious in my life as I was the night I won back my title from him. All I wanted to do was hit him and hit him again until I destroyed him. When he was on the canvas and being counted out, with the blood trickling from a corner of his mouth and one foot shaking in a spasm, I thought I had killed him.

Yet in my dressing room in Sweden immediately after the Machen fight, Ingemar said: "You are too kind, Floyd. You are much too nice. You take a step back when you should take a step forward. You had Machen hurt. You could have knocked him out."

I knew I had Machen hurt several times. In the 11th round, for instance, I cut his eye with a right. Later I knocked him down. Both times I could have moved in again quickly without giving him time to recover. Each time, how-

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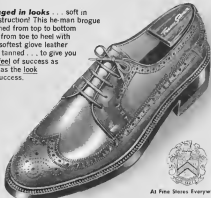


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FLOYD PATTERSON *continued*

ever, I looked in his face and all I could see was the look of hurt and defeat. I was ahead on points. I knew his style by then and I couldn't anticipate his hitting me with a lucky punch. He was tiring and wasn't hurting me, so what would be the point in hurting him more? Would it have made me a bigger man to knock out a man who had been in an institution, was almost broke and was on a comeback that had been successful until he met me? I'm glad I didn't knock him out. It wasn't necessary.

Don't misunderstand me. I wasn't giving Machen chances, but he was just one thing, a hindrance. I would feel different about Clay and Liston. Against them I would take advantage of every opportunity, because they represent the chance for me to get back to the form—yes, the viciousness—that I experienced against Ingemar. Against anybody else I want to win, but not much more. Against them I would want to destroy. I wouldn't stop punching against Clay. I'd want to get him out of the ring as quickly as possible.

You could ask: Why is it so important? I've argued that out with myself so many times. Why don't I just retire and forget it? Sandra, my wife, has asked me that. My friends have asked me that. I have all the money and security I'll ever need, but security is more than houses, cars, clothes, education for my children and investments. It is saying to yourself that you've done all that you have to do.

I'm going to be 50 in January. I've accomplished more in my lifetime than I ever had any right to expect when I was an emotionally unstable child wandering the streets of the Bedford-Stuyvesant slum in Brooklyn and being confused in a world I could not understand. I was the youngest ever to win the title and the only man ever to regain it, but I still have that feeling of emptiness inside me. It's a sense of discomfort because of the embarrassment of what happened with Liston. Call it shame, pride or a search for peace. A man cannot put almost 15 years of his life into the ring and leave it because of what happened to him in less than five minutes. Can he turn his back on it with the suspicion that all those years might have been wasted?

To understand what I'm doing, you would have to walk in my shoes. Any normal person would retire, but maybe

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BETTER FAMILIES BETTER COUNTRY

I'm not normal. People didn't think so after I drove out of Chicago behind the false beard and mustache. A man who considered himself a champion shouldn't have gone down as easily as I did. You can't face people and be yourself when you let them down the way I did. Up to that point I know that everything I did was right. All the deprivation I underwent, all the punishment and loneliness to which a fighter must subject himself was the price I had to pay for what I achieved. Whether what I'm doing now is right, I don't know. The beginning was right. The middle was right, but whether the end is right, only time will tell. I tell myself it is, but unfortunately you can't look ahead any more than you can stop time and make up for all the years of pleasure that you've lost.

Look at it this way: Seneca, my older daughter, will be 8 on November 30. She was born the night I knocked out Archie Moore for the title. I was in training camps then; I'm still in training camps. Maybe I've spent two years in all watching her grow and getting to know her in all that time. Trina will be 6 in February. My boy, Floyd Jr., is a little past 4. My youngest, Eric, will be 3 in December. Eric hardly knows me. I hardly know him. Maybe I've seen him only four months of his life. I've provided well for them, but in other ways I'm not doing the job as a parent well at all.

After beating Machen I was able to spend some time with my family, but in late August I went back into training at my new camp in Marlboro, N.Y. My wife would bring the children up to visit for a few hours and we'd go swimming or picnicking or fishing or apple picking, and once I took them up for a ride in my plane. Each time they'd come, Floydie or Trina or even Seneca would say, "Daddy, we've come to see your house."

"This isn't my house," I'd say. "This is my training camp. Your house in Scarsdale is my house."

No matter how hard I try, I cannot make them understand the distinction, the way I've lived. It's always my house and their house. Inevitably this has made for a kind of alienation in the family. They know I'm their father and they all call me Daddy. They love me, I'm sure, as much as I love them, but there's a kind of stiffness, a kind of unfamiliar-

continued

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FLOYD PATTERSON *continued*

ity, almost too much of a politeness with which they treat me. I know children should be polite to their parents, and my kids unquestioningly will do anything I tell them, but the *civility* that should be in the usual relationship between children and father is not there in ours, and I'm completely aware that it's all my fault. My way of life has kept them from getting that feeling about me. There's just too much formality, too much respect. It's almost like holding your own off at arm's length.

I keep telling myself that whatever it is that is missing, I'll make up to them soon. Maybe another six months, maybe another year, another fight or two.

I'm in my last round now, but I've been saying that for four years and in the meantime the children are getting older. It doesn't make me feel good. I can console myself with the knowledge that if I hadn't done this all these years my children wouldn't have all the necessities and some of the luxuries. They couldn't live in the kind of house they do or go to the kind of schools they do. My mother, father, brothers and sisters wouldn't have what they have. Who knows what I would have been if it weren't for everything boxing was able to do for me? I'm extremely grateful for all this, but occasionally I wonder if I haven't taken it as a kind of refuge, a sort of hide-away from what life will really be like when I take my place as the real head of my family.

I pay the bills. I supply my name and now and then even my presence, but ever since I began to box as a youngster still in school I've never lived in a real world. I mean the kind a father my age must live in—where the kids get sick and you're there, where the furnace breaks and has to be fixed, where the kids come home from school with problems that you have to solve face to face and not over a long-distance phone.

I've thought about that. I tell myself I can and will face it all. When the time comes I'll be able to adjust to it because I've been able to adjust to almost everything. Then I hesitate and I wonder if I'll really be able to. "I'll think about it tomorrow." I tell myself. Or, "There'll be time enough to worry about it when it has to be faced." I've told Sandra that I'd retire when I was 30, but now when she reminds me of my promise I tell her I'll be 30 until January 4, 1966. "We've

continued



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waited this long, we can wait a little longer to do what has to be done."

Sandra, I think, understands. She knows that I've got to continue. Otherwise in the years and years and years to come I'd always be thinking that if I'd fought only another six months or another year I could have done the one thing that would have justified me—fight Liston again and do it well, whether in victory or defeat. That's why that night when he refused to come out for the seventh round I was so shocked. It was almost as much a blow to me as being knocked out by him. He, of all people! The unbeatable man, the press called him, quitting on his stool.

Just before the fight began I was in a filling station in Yonkers that is run in conjunction with a diner. While my car was being gassed up, I went in for something to eat. The radio was turned to the fight and everybody in the diner was saying how easy Clay was going to be, and he wouldn't last a round. Somebody asked me what I thought, and I predicted that Liston would win, but not in the first round. Then somebody said that Liston was such a cinch he would lay 9 to 1. I'm not a betting man, but it's never 9 to 1, not even a feather-weight against a heavyweight. So I took the 9 to 1 and I won the bet, but I lost my respect for Liston.

I've seen fighters, even amateurs, cut up and bleeding, but they'd go on and fight no matter what was wrong with them. I've seen fighters who would try to hit the referee if he even indicated he was going to stop the fight. If you're the champion you fight on if you're faced with permanent injury, even death. If Liston couldn't punch with one arm, what was wrong with the other?

You've got to go on. You owe it to yourself, to the traditions of the title, to the public that sees the champion as somebody special, to everything that must become sacred to you the first time you put gloves on your hands. You've got to believe in what you're doing or else nobody can believe that anything is worthwhile.

I can't leave things that way. I can't leave people remembering that I lost to a man who quit cold to another man who's taken the championship that belongs to the whole world and given it to the Black Muslims, who don't want to be part of our world.

END

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Asked to issue a proclamation honoring the town's most famous citizens, **Ken Boyer** of the Cardinals and **Clete Boyer** of the Yankees, the mayor of Alba, Mo. (pop. 352) shook his head and refused on the ground that it would not be fitting. Dis-mayed, Alba's fans then asked the city clerk to issue the proclamation, but she also stubbornly refused. Two jealous politicians? No, two proud but modest parents. The mayor of Alba happens to be Vernon Boyer, the third baseman's dad. The city clerk, his mother, Mabel Boyer.

"The New York Giants are the only team I ever watch," said Pop Artist **Pat Jensen**, ostentatiously turning away from a telecast of the World Series last week. "All I care about is football." Which explains why baseball fans might find it hard to recognize the likeness of **Mickey Mantle** (below center) among the pop portraits currently on show at Manhattan's **Amel Gallery**. Giant **Y. A. Tittle** was easy to spot, of course, even though he looked a bit worried about his team's future. But why was **Willie Shoemaker** so recognizable? Could be that football fan Jensen gets out to the Big A once in a while, after all.

He has already advocated chasing your dog, racing your bike and hiking three miles a day to

tune up the heart. And now Boston Heart Specialist **Dr. Paul Dudley White** has come up with a new cure for a tired ticker. Striding through downtown Winston-Salem, N.C. White avowed that "airlines should install bicycle machines behind the cockpit so pilots could exercise in flight. As it is, they just sit there with blood forced to their feet by gravity. Very unhealthy." Later, "invigorated" by a 20-block walk and bound for his seventh-floor hotel room, the 78-year-old Dr. White snubbed the elevators and headed for the stairs.

It was a made-to-order scenario for the top blonde of the moment. The only trouble was that it was real. Trying to get away from Portugal's snap-happy news photographers, top blonde **Shirley Jones**, who had just turned brunette, and British Movie Stars **James Booth** and **Lionel Jeffries** took off in a powerboat from seaside Cascais and soon found themselves in a classical box-office plight: a beautiful girl and two leading men helplessly adrift in the wind-tossed Atlantic. As the golden sun sank over lovely Lisbon and the strains of *Those in Peril on the Sea* began to quiver in the throats of a million mighty Warblers, a soprano scream from Shirley at last attracted a rescue party, and the

three landlubbers were able once again to get back to work on their latest flick.

Believe it or not, the publicity man for the Dallas Cowboys is even more accident-prone than the Cowboys themselves. Since he started to flack for them, former Duke Guard **Larry Karl** has been hit by a car, has sheered his toes with a power mower, has knocked out his front teeth taking one picture and twisted his knee taking another. Last week, returning home from the office, Karl slipped on a skate board and broke his jaw. This time, however, he had someone else besides football players for company in a Dallas hospital. His wife Judy had just given birth there to their sixth child (fifth son).

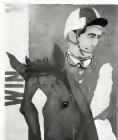
Down in Texas the name **Murchison** may mean big money, but up in Kansas it's just a name that could bounce off a check like any other. "I'm sorry, but there's too much money involved here," said a Junction City antique-car dealer as he turned down a check for \$3,750 signed by one **John Murchison**. "I don't know enough about the signer." It took the multimillionaire part owner of the Cowboys at least two phone calls to convince the car dealer that he had enough money in the bank to pay for the shiny

old 1954 Mercedes-Benz four-door convertible his wife wanted more than anything for her birthday.

If Massachusetts Governor **Ed-dicott Peabody** could only connect with voters the way he does with birds, he might be running for office again. Last week in his first crack at the ancient sport of duck shooting, the political lumb duck bagged his limit of waterfowl in a matter of hours. Then he downed a cock pheasant, a partridge and a brace of woodcock.

Everything went wrong for Torero-turned-movie-star **El Cordobés** when he dropped in on Paris for a two-day stay, partly to look at his latest portrait (by far-out U.S. Painter **Harold Stearnson**) and partly "because I just felt like it." First off, there were no *petits pois* at his favorite *Montparnasse* restaurant. "I always order *petits pois*," he said, "because I love them." Then, "Let's go see the James Bond-Goldfinger car at the automobile salon," the bull-fighter suggested to a friend. Alas, Bond's \$25,000 Aston Martin had just been removed from the show. Finally, the Spaniard had to rout himself out of bed for a private showing of his latest movie, *The Triumph of El Cordobés*, and he plainly found it not worth the effort. "I don't want to make any more bullfighting pictures," the disillusioned Cordobés said sourly. "They are usually pretty bad. Bullfighting is one thing. The cinema is another, and they shouldn't be mixed."

Where the heck was Bradley, W.W., wondered a secretary of Princeton's history department, drumming fingers on desk. As the bulletin board made clear, he was supposed to report to his adviser. Delinquent **Bill Bradley**, the All-America basketball player, was in Tokyo for the Olympics—as just about all of America knew.





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TRADEMARK

Not much defense, but two long-ball hitters

Cleveland finally has deep receivers to pair with Jimmy Brown in a diversified attack. In spite of a weekend loss to Pittsburgh, the Browns may go far if their defenders can just get hold of the ball once in a while

Paul Warfield, the slender, fox-fast rookie end who leads the Cleveland Browns in pass receiving, was getting supersonic treatment for a slight muscle pull the day before the Pittsburgh game last week. Dressed, Warfield appears slender; his program weight of 188 pounds looks to be an exaggeration. But when he's stripped on the training table, the weight is apparent. It is in his thighs, which are heavily muscled, like Jim Brown's. "I haven't had too much trouble adjusting from college," he said softly. "My big trouble is concentration. You have to concentrate to catch the ball,

and sometimes my concentration slips."

The next night against the Pittsburgh Steelers, Warfield, playing head on against an exceptionally good cornerback, Brady Keys, caught three passes, two of them for first downs. The only touchdown the Browns scored was on a pass from Ryan to Gary Collins, the other half of what is potentially the best pair of receivers in pro football.

In Collins and Warfield, Cleveland Coach Blanton Collier has the deep-pass catching threat he has needed to complement the running of Jim Brown. But the loss to Pittsburgh pointed up the flaw in this Cleveland team that may cost it the Eastern Division title. The flaw, which appears uncorrectable, is defense.

If the Browns are to stay in contention, they will have to sharpen the offensive weapons they now possess and rely on outscoring the enemy rather than holding him. "Good deep receivers are like long-ball hitters in baseball," Collier said before the Pittsburgh game. "The outfielders have to back up against the fence when you have long-ball hitters. So a lot of those little hits over the infield drop in. If you know the hitter can't reach the fence, you play him up close and catch balls that would be singles for a slugger. Football defenses tighten up on you, too, and make it harder to catch the short pass."

The Browns have two exceptional long-ball hitters in Warfield and Collins. So far this season Warfield has caught 17 passes for 317 yards and three touchdowns. Collins, in his third season with the Browns, has caught 15 passes for 262 yards and five touchdowns. Warfield has actually caught passes in only three games. In his regular-season debut against Washington, he was double-teamed—a rare compliment for a rookie—and shut out.

The two young receivers are almost

precisely opposite types. Warfield is small, with blazing speed and great spring in the legs. He was a 9.6 sprinter and a 26-foot-plus broad jumper at Ohio State. "Collins has good speed for a big man," Collier said. "He is 6 feet 4, and he got up as high as 227 last year. He is a line clutch receiver, and he can overpower a defensive halfback. Last year he caught most of his passes on short inside patterns. When the season was over, I told him he had done a fine job, but that he still had a lot of work to do on his outside moves and his deep moves. I told him that the coaches in this league are all smart people, and if he could only use a good inside move they would cover him that way. Now he's working on the other moves, and he's getting them, too."

When Warfield reported to the Browns after the College All-Star Game, Collier used a special tutor to bring his No. 1 draft choice up to date. The tutor was Ray Renfro, who had been a star flanker with Cleveland before he retired. "Renfro came out to the Coast with us for the exhibition games with San Francisco and Los Angeles," Collier said. "He worked with Paul on his assignments and on his patterns. Paul played his first game with us against Los Angeles and he had a fine night. Another thing that Renfro taught him was downfield blocking."

Even with lessons, Warfield—at his size—does not do much damage to linebackers when he tries to block them.

"Once in the Eagle game he cracked back on Maxie Baughan," Collier said. "There's a 40-pound difference there and he didn't slow Baughan down, but a few plays later Paul cracked back on a safety man and flattened him. The one thing he really needs to work on—and he knows this—is his concentration."

Collier learned the value of concentration as an assistant to Paul Brown, working with four Pro Bowl teams. "Paul would be coaching a college all-star team and I'd have the Pro Bowl

continued



PAUL WARFIELD uses his speed to elude tacklers and to turn short passes into long gains.



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team by myself for the first couple of days," Collier said. "I used to marvel at the great pass receivers. I watched them for a long time, and then I noticed that all of them had one thing in common. Their eyes always followed the ball right into their hands. You'd see their heads pop down and they would look at the ball in their hands. They never looked away. Warfield wasn't doing that when he came to us. I told him about it, and he does it most of the time now."

"I always think of Mac Speedie [now coach of the Denver Broncos] as the finest receiver I ever had anything to do with," Collier said. "He would run his pattern exactly on every play. Some receivers get too impatient and cut too soon and catch the quarterback off stride, but with Speedie the quarterback could throw ahead of the cut and know Speedie would be there. Warfield is running his patterns like that now. And he has something else Speedie had, although it isn't as highly developed yet as it was in Speedie. He seems to have an instinctive knowledge of where people are as he runs. Maybe it's just extra-wide peripheral vision, but he has it. And he has what I call in the great instinctive runners a little weave, a natural move that fakes a defender out of position and adds to the knack of getting free."

Collier paused a moment, and looked worried. "One thing I want to say," he said. "This is a fine boy and a fine athlete, but he is only potentially a great receiver. He has a lot of work to do. If he wants to do it, he can be tremendous. But I don't want people to expect too much of him, especially when they start doubting him. A rookie can't always recognize double coverage; that takes time. So if he gets shut out once in a while, well, even the good veterans get shut out. What we would hope is that if a defense commits that much personnel to Warfield we can go to Collins or another receiver. Collins is especially good at catching the ball in a crowd."

Until the defeat by Pittsburgh, the Browns were averaging nearly 30 points a game. Buddy Parker, coach of the Steelers, solved part of his own defensive problem simply by controlling the ball with a steady, time-eating ground game.

If and when the Brown defense stiffens enough to get the ball a fair share of the time, Cleveland's long-ball hitters, abetting Jim Brown, will score enough to keep the Browns near the top. **END**



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The poor get rich and the rich go broke

All around the country it was a week for big upsets. Kentucky and Mississippi met with disaster in Florida. Army got picked off by Penn State in the East and out West, Rice found Stanford too much to cope with

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (4-0)
2. LSU (3-0) 3. FLORIDA STATE (4-0)

Kentucky had been having a gay old time knocking off Southeastern Conference favorites. Last Saturday the Wildcats got a dose of their own medicine from independent FLORIDA STATE. The cucky Seminoles chose to kick off, confident that their "Seven Magnificents" would get the bull back. They did and the rout was on. Quarterback Steve Tenen tossed two touchdown passes to Flanker Fred Biletnikoff. Halfback Phil Spooner went over twice, and Kentucky was trampled 48-6. "They whipped us. They just kicked our teeth in," said Kentucky Coach Charlie Bradshaw.

At Gainesville, FLORIDA found Mississippi vulnerable to a little hook pass—and lots of other things—and clobbered Ole Miss as it has rarely been clobbered before. Steve Spurrier threw to End Charlie Casey for two touchdowns, and the Rebs succumbed 30-14.

Quarterbacks were dropping like flies

in the SEC. AUBURN, trailing little Chattanooga 12-0, brought in Jim Sidle, who has been ailing with an injured right arm. Sidle came up with a shoulder separation—in his left shoulder. Auburn won 33-12, but lost Sidle. At Tuscaloosa, ALABAMA'S Joe Namath hobbled off with a twisted knee as 'Bama beat North Carolina State 21-0.

LSU's new flanker T finally produced a score. Sophomore Gwayne Di Berta broke the ice with a five-yard sprint against North Carolina and LSU went on to win 20-3. GEORGIA TECH got 17 points in the first half against Navy, which was playing without Roger Staubach, and then held on for its fourth win.

Boston College ran and passed for 319 yards against TENNESSEE but all it got was the frustrated Eagles was a 16-14 loss. VANDERBILT'S Dick Lemay kicked three field goals, the last a 26-yarder in the closing minute, to beat Wake Forest 9-6. Maryland found some holes in DUKE'S pass defense, but the Blue Devils recovered in time to win 24-17.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (2-0)
2. ARMY (3-1) 3. NAVY (2-1)

UCLA, feeling mighty after beating two eastern independents, made the sad mistake of trying to confront SYRACUSE head on. The single-minded Orange line-men simply brushed aside the Bruins to get at Larry Zeno, who completed only two passes and was smeared for 15 yards in losses when he tried to run. Meanwhile, big Fullback Jim Nance charged through the Bruins for 148 yards and two touchdowns, sophomore Floyd Little ran back a punt 90 yards (below), and Syracuse routed the Californians 39-0.

Coach Rip Engle, whose PENN STATE team had lost its first three games, said last Friday night: "I guess we'll just have to try something new against Army." What he had in mind was a tricky shift out of the wing T into a double wing with a split end. This bit of guile was more picturesque than effective in a scoreless first half, so Engle decided to run his wing T right at the Cadets. It worked. With Halfback Bob Riggall and Fullback Ed Stuckrath smashing Army inside, the Lions went 62 yards for a touchdown. Then the Lions held Army on the two and Punter Frank Hershey gave the Cadets a deliberate safety. That worked, too, and Penn State won its first game, 6-2, before 32,268, the largest crowd ever at Army's Michie Stadium. PRINCETON whupped Dartmouth 37-7 as Tailback Don McKay ran 56 yards and Charlie Giogolak kicked three field goals.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WED (3-1)
2. OREGON (4-0) 3. UCLA (3-1)

STANFORD, caught up in a 7-7 tie with heavily favored Rice at half time, decided to take a calculated gamble. Although the Owls seldom pass, Coach Johnny Ralston reasoned they just might be inclined to throw the ball in the second half—so he had his defensive ends drop off into the flat. Sure enough, Rice

continued

ON A 90-YARD SCORING RUN AGAINST UCLA, SYRACUSE'S LITTLE LOOKS FOR ROOM





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came out throwing. When it was all over, the Indians had five steals and were sitting pretty with a 34-7 upset. Cracked Ralston, "This is the best scoring defense I've ever had."

The 42,295 spectators who snuggled under a blanket of fog, haze and smoke in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum last Saturday night goggled unbelievably when Texas A&M took a 7-0 lead against USC. It was only temporary. Quarterback Craig Fertig and Halfback Mike Garrett soon routed the Trojans and they buried the Aggies 31-7.

Air Force, too, made the sad mistake of scoring first against NOTRE DAME. After that, while the bearish Irish line smothered Air Force Quarterback Tim Murphy, Johnny Huarle ran and passed for four touchdowns and undefeated Notre Dame won its third, 34-7.

Washington, for all its troubles lately, thought its defense could hold almost anyone. But OREGON STATE Halfback Charlie Shaw ran through it for a touchdown. Steve Clark kicked over it for a 23-yard field goal and the busy Beavers surprised the Huskies 9-7. OREGON, riding high on Quarterback Bob Berry's superb passing, fought off Idaho 14-8 for its fourth in a row.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (6-4) 3. TEXAS TECH (9-0)

Many things about the rowdy Texas-Oklahoma game were familiar. The Cotton Bowl had its usual sellout crowd of 75,504. Texas Coach Darrell Royal won

his seventh in a row over the Sooners and Texas' vicious defense and powerful running game again won out. Even the score—28-7—was the same as it has been in three of the last four years. Nor were there any new Longhorn stars. Linebacker Tommy Nobis made most of the tackles as Texas got its landbound offense rolling in the second half behind Fullback Harold Philipp and Halfbacks Ernie Koy and Phil Harris.

ARKANSAS remained unbeaten by doing precisely what Coach Frank Broyles ordered. "As many times as Baylor puts the ball in the air," Broyles said, "they're bound to catch some. We're going to have to catch some of theirs, too." Arkansas caught three Baylor passes, recovered three Baylor fumbles, and the Razorbacks took a 17-6 victory.

Donny Anderson of TEXAS TECH has played some good games, but last week against TCU he played his best ever, ripping off a 90-yard touchdown run and gaining 164 yards altogether, as the surprising Red Raiders won 25-10.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. MICHIGAN (7-4) 3. ILLINOIS (5-1)

The big games in the Big Ten may have been at Champaign, where OHIO STATE smashed Illinois 26-0 (page 30), and at East Lansing, where MICHIGAN beat Michigan State 17-10, but there was enough commotion around the rest of the conference to indicate that the favorites were not yet out of the woods. Iowa, for instance, was still unbeaten after three

games, but the surprising Hawkeyes had to fight for their lives against tough Indiana before winning 21-20. MINNESOTA, disdaining the plodding offense that once earned it dull 6-0 victories, assaulted Northwestern with its new free-wheeling game. Quarterback John Hankinson threw from all over the field (he completed 10 of 15 passes for 184 yards) and ran for two touchdowns as the Gophers posted a 21-18 victory. PURDUE was satisfied to thump away at Wisconsin on the ground. While a pressure defense held Wisconsin to 48 yards rushing, Halfback Gordon Teter and Fullback Randy Minniar hammered and slashed for 180 yards between them as the Boiler-makers won easily 28-7.

Some coaches are never satisfied. Take

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Florida State's Steve Tensi, a 6-foot-5 quarterback, cleverly probed Kentucky's pass defense for nine completions and 122 yards, threw for three touchdowns in surging 48-6 drubbing of Wildcats.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Jack Chappie, robust 221-pound Stanford linebacker, made life miserable for Rice. He was in on 16 tackles, ran 39 yards with an intercepted pass to get Indians started on 34-7 upset of Owls.

NEBRASKA's Bob Devaney. His game plan for South Carolina included a passing test for sophomore Quarterback Bob Churchich. Churchich threw 30 yards to Kent McCloughan and 50 to Preston Love for touchdowns. The Nebraska line, with End Langston Coleman and Tackles John Strohmeier and Dick Chap driving in hard on South Carolina Quarterback Dan Reeves, held the Gamecocks to a measly three yards rushing. All that and a 28-6 victory for the unbeaten Huskers should have made Devaney ecstatic. His reaction: "I'm disgusted. We gave our reserves a chance to play and they did very poorly. They ruined the ball game for me."

OKLAHOMA STATE's Phil Cutchin was happy, though. His Cowboys, who had been written off in the preseason ratings, were leading the Big Eight. But the Cowboys had a rough ride against Colorado. State came from behind to take a 14-10 lead on Fullback Walt Garrison's one-yard plunge in the last quarter and then had to stop the surging Buffaloes in the closing minutes to save the victory. **END**

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Georgia Tech over Auburn. Siddle is hurt again and that means trouble for Auburn.

LSU over Kentucky. LSU has learned to score. Kentucky is back with the mortals.

Duke over North Carolina State. The Blue Devils have the better passing game.

Ohio State over USC. Ohio State's tough line can handle USC's offensive tricks.

Notre Dame over UCLA. UCLA's Zeno will get caught in the vigorous Irish rush.

Illinois over Minnesota. After Ohio State the Illini will be harder to beat.

Texas over Arkansas. But Texas cannot make many mistakes against the Porkers.

Washington over Stanford. The Huskies are more demanding on defense.

California over Navy. Morton is healthy. Navy may not have Staubach ready.

Syracuse over Penn State. State's attack is no match for Syracuse's good runners.

OTHER GAMES

ALABAMA OVER TENNESSEE
ARMY OVER VIRGINIA
IOWA OVER WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN OVER PURDUE
MICHIGAN STATE OVER INDIANA
MISSOURI OVER AIR FORCE
NORTH CAROLINA OVER HARTLAND
OKLAHOMA OVER KANSAS
OREGON OVER ARIZONA
TEXAS TECH OVER BAYLOR
*National TV

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 3 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 45-35-1



When Ralph Terry
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'Chap Stick' goes along!

"With today's heavy schedules," says this Yankee ace, "I can't sneak in much golf during the ball season. So I don't really hit the courses till October. The weather's cold, and that's trouble for my

lips. To soothe them, I always use 'Chap Stick'. It helps heal sore lips fast—summer or winter. With 'Chap Stick' along—on the diamond or golf course—I don't worry about my lips, just my game!"

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BILL REMMEY, one of Pennsylvania's top gun, wears a new suede-trimmed shooting jacket of tan Dacron, cotton and Lycra stretch poplin. Bellows pockets hold 25 shells.



NANCY REMMEY, Bill's wife, sometimes outshoots him. Her jacket is of same fabric but is terrapin red. Both jackets are at Saks Fifth Avenue Active Sportswear Shop. The man's is \$78, the woman's \$70.

SPORTING LOOK

Stretch steps up to the firing line

To the nonparticipant, a trap- or skeet-shooting jacket is simply a jacket with a shoulder patch and brass buttons made of shotgun shells. But to the 100,000 or more men and women who compete in these events the comfort, the fit, the utility that is built into their competitive apparel is as important as the balance of a gun. Such details of shooting clothes as the pleats which support the weight of shells have evolved over years of target competition, and it is rare that any sudden change is made in them. This fall, however, the dramatic qualities of stretch fabrics (SI, March 9) have been incorporated into shooting jackets for the first time. The ease and give needed on the firing line—in the past furnished by bulky pleats and gussets—is right there in the body of fabrics that tailor into clean, trim-fitting garments. These innovations were tested and warmly approved at the three-day trapshoot of the Atlantic Indians, held earlier this month in the burnished foothills of the Poconos of Pennsylvania, at Shawnee Inn, Fred Waring's sporting resort.

continued

Someday, you'll want a photographic instrument that's built a little better than it really has to be.



(The next time you get back a roll of film, say.)

Not so long ago, home movies were entertainment with a high risk to the projectionist. (Remember? Lengthy preparation, threading, fuzzy pictures, flutter, noise, itchy spectators. Remember?)

Well, those days are gone. And we're happy to have helped speed them on their way.

Bell & Howell engineers simply decided a projector needn't be either erratic or mysterious. It ought to operate easily—in deference to the least mechanically-minded member of the family. It should also be precise, perform without deviation, and control film perfectly. It should be an instrument, not mere equipment.

A tall order? Consider the Lumina 1.2, above.

Projectors once required big, hot 750-watt bulbs.

The Lumina gives better light with a pint-sized 150-watt lamp. It has automatic threading—a nuance Bell & Howell engineers pioneered.

It also has a switch that puts your movie in slow motion, instantly. Or stops the film at a single frame. It has a handy plug for your room light. (No more, "Somebody get the lights, please? Somebody?") We even tested 1,500 points to find the right finish for it.

In short, the Lumina 1.2 is built a little better than it really has to be, by people who really care.

Does it sound like a projector you'd be proud of? One that will give as much pleasure as your camera does? See your Bell & Howell dealer about it. Soon. Before you send that roll of film out to be developed.

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SPORTING LOOK



AT SHAWNEE SHOOT, Julie Bishop
wears high-stalk, shooting costume of
black-trimmed stretch flannel. Sleeves
are of wool knit, and short skirt is ac-
tually a culotte. Designed by Irving
of Montreal, well-known maker of ski
clothes, outfit is \$78 at Saks Fifth Ave.

I. FREEDMAN SMITH

SAGE-GREEN JACKET of wool and-
nylon stretch gardening is worn by
Phil Naylor Jr. It is \$100. Julie Bishop here
displays more conventional corduroy,
with shoulder patches for both right-
and left-handed shooters. It sells for
\$35. Both are at Abernethy & Fish.





Need a "2G" second car?—buy the one they race.



Who says a second car must be second rate! (Virtuous—yes. Sensible—of course. But a bore? Never!!)

Who says a sports car must be dangerous! (Agile—certainly. Spinted—to be sure. But a menace? Nonsense!!)

Case in point: the Austin Healey Sprite.

Our little Sprite wears a modest second-car price tag—under \$2000.* It delivers second car mileage—over 30 m.p.g. It has roll-up windows, snug convertible top... and a determination to get along with your wife.

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AUSTIN HEALEY

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HUNTING / Harold Peterson

Buffalo Bill was a piker

A Wyoming rancher recently doubled Colonel Cody's one-day record for buffalo kills, but his purpose is to restore—not destroy—a great species



BUFFALO FANCIER BUD BASOLO AIMS AT A TARGET LONG ABSENT FROM GUNRIGHTS

A lank, long-mustached wearer of buckskin booted a Springfield rifle named Lucretia Borgia and rode a horse named Beigham onto the Kansas prairie one morning in 1869 to begin work at one of the commonest trades in the West. That day William Frederick Cody, Buffalo Bill, secured his name and legend by shooting 69 bison. On another morning, with snow driving in from the northwest in 50-mile-an-hour gusts, another buckskin-shirted, sideburned man with hair longer than the custom rode onto the Wyoming prairie east of the Belle Fourche. That day he shot twice as many buffalo as Cody had. He shot from greater distances and aimed for a smaller target, the silver-dollar-size spot below the ear which is the one place a buffalo can be killed clean. He did have superior equipment, because the date was later: September 25, 1964.

Like Cody, Domenith Clarence Basolo Jr. kills for meat. But unlike Cody, who contributed to the virtual extinction of the species, Basolo's every shot is helping restore the buffalo to the West. He runs his 104-square-mile B-Bar-B Ranch for the sole purpose of raising

buffalo: from an initial 14 head, his herd has increased to 2,658, a number he hopes to double every four years. An operation of this magnitude would be prohibitively expensive without proceeds from meat and pelts. But even if that were not true, Basolo would still shoot a good number of animals each year. His objective is the transformation of the buffalo from a living museum piece into a viable economic entity, rapidly multiplying in the 1960s and 1970s for reasons as unsentimental as those that led to its decimation in the 1860s and 1870s. The Big Kill furthers that goal in two ways. First, because buffalo bulls would rather fight than breed, Basolo's harvest of yearlings and 2-year-old bulls accelerates reproduction. Second, his program of culling inferior bulls is needed to improve and strengthen the breed.

Basolo thinks of himself as a practical conservationist, and a mere mention of the great 19th century slaughter ignites his ire. "In 1800," he says, "the North American bison was the most numerous large mammal on earth, even outnumbering humans. As late as 1870, there were 60 to 100 million. By 1889, only

continued



Who'll be the Rafer Johnsons of the future?

From the shot put to the high hurdles to the 1,500-meter run, the decathlon demands speed, stamina, strength and spirit. Rafer Johnson had all four at the 1960 Olympics in Rome. When the grueling, 10-event competition ended, he had won a gold medal, set a new Olympic record and was hailed as the world's greatest athlete.

Not every youngster can be a Rafer Johnson. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

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895 were left." Basolo's figure for 1870 is not an exaggeration. An observer of that period sometimes had his view so rimmed by buffalo that at no point could he see the horizon. When herds numbering four million decided to cross the Missouri River or the Union Pacific tracks, boats and trains had to stop for hours. When they forded smaller rivers, they would dam the stream.

By early 1883 the largest remaining herd was 1,000 head in western Dakota. In October of that year Sitting Bull killed every one. Unbelieving hunting parties in the spring of '84 found themselves forced to live on rabbit and squirrel. The bison, which had ranged from Washington to Florida, had been reduced to a few miserable strays. Not as many as 90 wild buffalo survived.

The pilgrims who assembled at the B-Bar-B last month to participate in or to witness the largest buffalo hunt in 81 years did so in quiet thanksgiving, for in 1884 there had been every indication that in 80 years the buffalo would be seen

by Americans only in hindsight, never in gunsight. Present were the sheriff of Sweetwater County, Wyoming and the sheriff of San Mateo County, California; a South Dakota rancher who flew in for the afternoon and a South Dakota congressional candidate who flew himself in for the evening; Pappy, a Choctaw from Oklahoma; and Bob Hughes, an expatriate Cornishman. They, or someone, consumed 175 eggs at breakfast.

There was some feeling at 6 o'clock in 34° of wet, windy Wyoming morning that 175 was not an egg too many on which to begin 14 hours of buffalo hunt. Optimism inspired by Basolo's first two shots—clean kills—was premature. Both yearlings were somewhat separated from their herd, and the most ferocious beast on the continent ignores innocuous popping sounds 300 yards away. Progress became less easy very soon. Basolo's next shot put a Weatherby .300 magnum bullet squarely in the middle of a 2-year-old bull's head. The bull shook his head and stalked off, cussing out the B-Bar-B flies.

Basolo shook his own head and said, "You have to be dead on. Shock has virtually no effect on these animals; you have to really kill them." Later Peace Officer Earl Whitmore had a chance to test that proposition. Twelve holes put in the head of one animal failed to reach the vital spot. The buffalo did not fall. It lowbred its horns and charged. Only a quick matador step by the incumbent saved San Mateo County the unexpected expense of a by-election for sheriff.

More often than it will charge, a buffalo not felled by the first shot will run. Bison being gregarious beasts, the herd will romp along with the casualty. Now, galloping buffalo resemble nothing so much as rhinoceroses that have had bullet lessons, yet they attain speeds of 45 miles an hour, faster than horse or truck can sustain over Wyoming washes. Their pursuers, like the earliest Indians, must anticipate where they are going and intercept them. If the herd does arrive where expected, most of it will be milling about the wounded member. This discourages

continued

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wolves and any riffraff attempting to finish off a particular buffalo. Basolo has become skilled at putting a bullet, with scant inches to spare, between two running buffalo to hit a third. He will also walk into 500 buffalo, selecting his target as the animals scatter. The buffalo do not always flee. After his first take in one herd, the buffalo conversation—cross between growl and grunt—became a roar. Humps hunched, and little flag-like tails came up and waved. Basolo signaled to his distant truck to come pick him up, double time.

"All it would take is my bat blow off an' here they come," he said as he clambered aboard. "A pistol saved my life last year. This dead buffalo got up and charged. I just threw out my pistol without time to aim. Not good shooting, just luck."

Basolo added, grinning, "Cowards like me stand. That way you have one real good chance to bluff a bull and one real good chance to drop him. If you run, you have no chance at all. A buffalo is four times as strong as an ordinary bull. He can turn you inside out with one twitch of his horns. One tangled with a grizzly in Yellowstone recently. He killed it."

The buffalo's survival potential against grizzlies, bullets and trucks is one measure of its talent for self-preservation. Says Basolo, "A buffalo calf, four to six minutes after it's born, gets up, takes a sip of milk and is off and running. Even when it's born in a blizzard. An ordinary calf just lies there in a heap. A beef calf'll put half the Great Plains between himself and a rattlesnake. A buffalo calf will jump on it and slash it to shreds." Days before the mountain-moving Yellowstone earthquake of 1959, locally resident buffalo had moved out. Well before any storm, buffalo—unlike cattle—will head for the halftops, where they cannot get drifted in by snow. With commendable foresight, they will have left the grass on hills uneaten, conserving a supply for winter.

The near extermination of so accomplished an animal strains credulity. With the same ingratitude, the Children of Israel would have preferred Wonder Bread to manna. Buffalo meat is the American demonstration that food from heaven is not only free but of gourmet quality—finer-grained, more tender and sweeter than beef. "Only prejudice could have led the pioneers to replace

the buffalo with European cattle," Basolo rumbles.

He speaks easily and unselfconsciously of the pioneers, without reference to myth or dissolving legend. The frontier is Wyoming's immediate past and, more than anywhere else in America, its present and future. The pioneers are seen and remembered travelers who have but recently passed by. And the B-Bar-B, its 66,626 acres of amber buffalo grass extending endlessly toward turquoise hetteland, is deepest Wyoming, 70 miles southeast of Buffalo, 40 miles north of Bill and 40 miles northwest of Dull Center. Driving south on the main highway to Casper, one crosses 30 miles of sage before the first sight of house, barn, main or motorcar.

Mule deer, sage hens, prairie dogs, falcons and bobcats abound on the untouched land. Two of the ranch's 5,000 antelope even locked horns, with 1,500 buffalo as backdrop, the day before The Big Kill. So frequently do eagles yow across the sky that Basolo once hunted them in planes. Aiming between prop and strut was a more than sporting proposition; for every chance he had of bringing down an eagle, Basolo had two chances of bringing down his plane.

It must have been unalloyed drive that made a boy who herded cattle for \$04 a day and went to work in a meat-packing plant at age 14 into the millionaire Basolo does not act like. But his romanticism is making B-Bar-B his monument. Basolo has had to endure rustlers and bankers (try asking a bank for \$3 million to raise buffalo), but he seems to be proving that the hson can come back as a better, more economical meat animal than beef cattle. If—in perfect irony—buffalo do supplant cattle in any numbers, it will be because Basolo adopted the bison as totem and talisman of an American West that turns sons of Italian immigrants into owners of 66,000 acres of Wyoming sunset. Yet Basolo himself disclaims any unique mission. "It's not just me," he says. "All Americans love buffalo. Can't help loving 'em. The buffalo is their heritage."

Basolo is right. Most Americans do love buffalo, but there was one exception right on the B-Bar-B last month, a skinner skinning his 112th bison of the day. "They got too damn many buffalo here," he growled. It was a complaint few Americans had thought they would ever hear again.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A bad role for Omar the actor

The best of the bridge-playing actors—and there are lots of good ones—is very likely Omar Sharif, who was divorced three years ago when he had to spend 18 months in the desert making *Lawrence of Arabia* and found there were no other bridge players in the cast. He made sure of avoiding any repetition of this competitive dry spell by having it written into his contract for a succeeding movie—*The Yellow Rolls-Royce*—that he could leave the London set for 15 days to play bridge. The specific days he had in mind were those in which he would be performing in his role of captain of the United Arab Republic team at the World Bridge Olympiad earlier this year. Sharif did play, but after what befell him in the hand below he might have wished he had stayed in England with Co-Star Ingrid Bergman and the Yellow Rolls.

Sharif sat North, opposed by the U.S. pair of Arthur Robinson, whose one spade overcall with the East hand proved decisive, and Robert Jordan.

On his first bid South would be better advised to say three diamonds in spite of his void in partner's suit. But surely at his second turn he should have bid

not three clubs but three no trump, the only makable game contract. Even so, a sedate three-heart bid instead of the jump by Sharif might yet have saved the day. Because of Robinson's overcall, Jordan could not miss the killing spade lead. East cashed three top spades, and a fourth round let West score his 8 of trumps, down 200.

In the other room the North-South hands were held by the young California partnership, Donald Kraus and Robert Hamman, with Sharif's teammates sitting East-West. Here East was shy about bidding, but not North and South:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	1♥	PASS	3♦
PASS	1♥	PASS	3N
PASS	4N	PASS	4♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	

North's four no trump was not Blackwood: it was just a mild, if overoptimistic, slam suggestion, which South was delighted to accept.

I am sure that you and I would have led a spade even without the aid of East's spade overcall and even if for the wrong reason: there is more chance to win defensive tricks in a short suit than a long one. However, West led a club, and declarer made a somewhat shameful 12 tricks when he drew trumps and shed three of his four losing spades on dummy's good hearts.

The final score of the U.S.-U.A.R. match was 52-35. The swing on this one deal was 1,570 points—worth the entire 17 International Match Point margin of victory. I leave it to you to decide how much of the swing should be credited to East's overcall.

EXTRA TRICK

Remember where I said that three no trump was North-South's only makable contract? This is not entirely true. Bizarre as it seems, if North-South could find a way to reach four spades, that game cannot be beaten! **END**

North-South vulnerable		NORTH	
West dealer		♠ 7 5 3	
		♥ A K Q 9 7 6	
		♦ 5 3	
		♣ A 3	
		WEST	
		♠ A 2	
		♥ 10 4 3	
		♦ A 6	
		♣ 3 5 7 6 5 4	
		SOUTH	
		♠ J 10 6 3	
		♥ A	
		♦ A K Q 10 7 2	
		♣ A Q 10	
		WEST (United)	
		PASSES	
		PASSES	
		PASSES	
		PASSES	
		NORTH (Sharif)	
		1♥	
		2♥	
		3♥	
		PASSES	
		EAST (Robinson)	
		1♠	
		PASSES	
		PASSES	
		SOUTH (Hamman)	
		3♦	
		3N	
		4♦	
		PASSES	

Opening lead: 8 of spades

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Sirs:
My picks are: (print team names below)

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NFL Western Conference _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

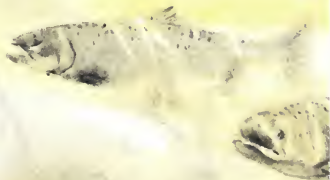
Zone/Zip _____

State _____

MY QUARRY EYE TO EYE

A renowned angler who thought he knew something about catching trout and salmon goes beneath the surface to spy on his favorite game fish. There among them he is astonished to learn that fish behave in ways he never dreamed of when he was simply casting flies

BY RODERICK HAIG-BROWN





CONTINUED

Through most of his life a fisherman is separated from the world of fish by the surface film—the insubstantial yet almost impenetrable two-sided mirror that rides on all water, moving or still. He must learn by trial and error rather than by direct vision. On familiar water he will work known, and favorite spots whenever he can. On a strange stream his eye will search the surface and the conformation of pools and runs for signs that on other waters at other times have meant fish or no fish, large fish or small fish.

I long considered my own experience in these matters—some 40 years of it—quite fair and presumed that my judgments about fish and their habits were sound. But now, after one short summer and fall of observing what goes on under the surface film, of seeing clearly into the world of salmon and trout, I am convinced that the knowledge I have gathered from above the surface is remarkably incomplete and that my assumptions have often been wrong.

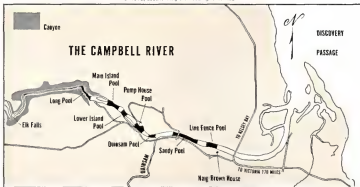
Using the diver's wet suit, mask, snorkel, flippers and weights, I pushed under the surface film in comfort and stayed below it almost as long as I wanted, getting to know the bottom of a river, and sharing in some measure the sensations of the fish that live within it. The stream I investigated was my home river, the Campbell. Broad and powerful, it runs only three miles from the impassable drop of Elk Falls to the sea on the east coast of Vancouver Island. It runs, too, past my front porch, and I would have thought I knew it well. Yet when I dipped beneath its surface it yielded me a list of surprises so long, so humilitating and so full of pleasure that I am eternally grateful for my sudden inclination to go below and watch the fish that I had stood above and angled for over so many years.

It was in the early summer of 1963 that I finally made up

my mind to try diving, and I had only the slightest idea of what to expect. I supposed I should find cold water somewhat less cold, that I should be able to poke about briefly here and there in the quieter parts of streams, an undesirable and uncomfortable intruder who occasionally might see fish better than he had seen them before. Instead, I found myself immediately transported from the world of air to the world of water—an acceptable visitor, at least as comfortable in the new world as in the old.

Once the eyes are below the surface film in a river as clear as the Campbell, it makes little difference whether one is two feet or 20 feet under—the feeling of being down there in that other world is complete. The body in its buoyant wet suit stretches out in the enclosing water; flippers have a slow, easy power that is much like walking. It is easy to rest, more completely than in a soft bed, by relaxing the muscles and accepting the water's infinitely gentle support. Even when wearing a weight belt to cancel out much of the buoyancy of his body and suit, a diver draws less than a foot of water. He can hold in shallows at the edge of a pool and need only turn his head slightly to look directly into the flowing depths where the fish lie. In three or four feet of water he can reach down to rocks or limbs and hold or propel himself against quite strong currents. In deeper water he can dive down to some favorable boulder, grip it and hold briefly while he looks about. It is a quiet pastime, much like wandering through some strange garden where the fish seem exotic creatures miraculously naturalized, ideally matched to place and setting. Nothing is altogether unexpected—everything is as it must and should be, yet it is a new experience, a wonder of seeing that never stales.

Many years ago, when my children were small and learning to swim, I built a small wire dam out into the ... continued



The scene of the author's observations was a one-mile stretch of Vancouver Island's Campbell River, beginning at the Lane Pool, where the river emerges from its canyon, and ending at the Line Fence Pool near Haig-Brown's house.

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.



And tonight's the night.



Campbell by piling up rocks and boulders. It was a laborious process, but the result has stood firmly against the freshets of more than 20 years, and now the controlled river runs much of the time at a height that just breaks over the wing dam in three or four bubbling runs, while the main force of the current swings past the point in a formidable sweep of power.

The pool that has formed below the dam, about 120 feet long by 30 or 40 wide and varying in depth from a foot at the downstream end to four or five feet just under the dam, was a natural place to learn the simple mechanics of swimming and diving, and it was here that I first confronted salmon and trout eye-to-eye.

It was summer, and as I would edge slowly and carefully up from the tail of the pool, I would see under-yearling cohos and steelheads all about me, lively little fish not bothered at all by my strange shape and stranger movements. They would swim within inches of my outstretched hands, and sometimes between them. Occasionally one would come deliberately and curiously toward the face mask, perhaps attracted by the movement of the wondering eyes behind it.

A little farther up the pool, along the edge of the current that comes past the point of the dam, the fish were yearling steelheads, four, five and six inches long. During the early part of the summer, in the more sheltered water, there was a scattering of young, green-backed king salmon, most of them within weeks of going to sea. I could pass among them gently, looking down at the bullheads and caddis larvae on the sandy bottom. To my right the current raced unevenly over a bottom of round boulders that disappeared in the blue-green distance, and if I glanced up I could see the rippled, bouncing surface.

At the head of the pool, in the plunging bubbles of the runs and among the big boulders of the dam, there were likely to be larger fish, seven- and eight-inch rainbows (probably premigrant steelheads in their second or even third year) and two or three sizable trout between 12 and 15 inches. This is where I would hold, schooled with the fish, my hands waving occasionally like pectoral fins, flippers moving when they had to to keep me in station. The smaller fish seemed to accept me completely. The larger ones held station or continued their affairs, but they were aware of me and would move away if I reached a hand within 18 inches or a foot of them.

For several weeks there were two large fish that held station close under the dam, both rainbows, each about 14 inches long. The larger was a firm, bright, deep fish, the other a slender fish with a marked red stripe along his side. They seemed entirely different types, and I suspected that the slender one was a river resident, used to shallow water and uncertain feeding, while the other, from his brightness and condition, had grown in the wider waters and the abundance of the

estuary. If the river was not too high both fish preferred stations near bottom in the heavy current just beyond the point of the dam. When the river was high they often moved back and forth between the runs that broke over the dam and sometimes remained facing downstream among the larger boulders, searching the drift that came back in the under-water eddies. Even in this position they would allow me to approach very close, provided I did not seem to block off the obvious way of escape from among the rocks. The moment I showed any sign of doing so, they darted past me into the open water of the pool.

Needless to say, I became fond of these fish, and I like to think that they got used to me, or at least became satisfied that I was harmless. As a fly-fisherman I was impressed first of all by their readiness to move about in response to comparatively slight changes in river height and even, it seemed, to range back and forth between preferred stations in search of the best one. I had supposed that stream trout held rather closely to precise feeding positions. On occasion, these fish did hold, and hold very firmly, especially in the violent turbulence just off the point of the dam. The boulders here are quite large, some of them three or four feet in diameter, and the current has dug a deep rock-floored race just beyond them. Bubbles break down in intermittent showers from the buildup behind the shoulder of the dam, and nothing is constant except movement. But one can find a handhold on one or another of the big boulders readily enough and cling there, tossed and tumbled like the fish themselves.

For they are tossed and tumbled, lifted and dropped, by the swirls and eddies and surges. I had imagined trout holding in such a place well down on the bottom, taking shelter among the round rocks and darting out to intercept drifting feed. These fish did not. They held just above the tops of the boulders and accepted the current with their whole bodies. They held station with the power of their bodies, even as I held with my hand's grip, and they were twisted and turned and battered by it, even as I was. But they were able to move in it as I was not—up or down or sideways with little effort, intercepting and swallowing things too fast and small for me to see. How long a fish may hold in such an active area I do not know, but I have watched them for 15 or 20 minutes at a stretch, and when some clumsy motion of mine displaced them they returned almost immediately.

While these fish can move with a flick of their tails from the strong current into the easier flow behind the dam, I doubt if it would normally have occurred to me to search

such heavy water with a fly. From now on, of course, I shall do so. A deeply drifted fly would be the most likely to bring a faithful response, but drifting it accurately would not be easy. A wet fly hung from above would be the next choice, but I doubt if the chances of hooking the fish securely would be better than 50%. A good, big dry fly cast upstream would

continued

FROM 'FISHERMAN'S FALL'

The underwater discoveries and exploits that Roderick Haig-Brown has written of here are excerpts from a book called *Fisherman's Fall*, which details a season of angling moods and glories both above and below the surface. It will be published on October 30 by William Morrow & Company (\$4.50).

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WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH TO SUIT YOUR PERSONAL TASTE

almost certainly produce a rise, but again the chances of hooking the fish would not be good, since he would be responding through some four feet of very fast water. And so I began to learn what the river had to teach me. Once started, I could hardly keep myself away from this new world, and I can only assume that—masked and goggled—I became a familiar sight both above and below the surface.

"What are you doing down there?" small boys would ask me from the river's edge. "Getting lures off the bottom?"

"No," I answer, "looking for fish."

"Find any?"

"Sure, lots."

"What do you do when you find them?"

"Just watch them."

This final answer rarely satisfies, and I could, I suppose, give others equally truthful—that I am chocking on the runs, looking over the river bottom, testing the set of the currents, trying to solve a lifetime of mysteries. The real truth is that I am that anachronism, the simple naturalist, reborn with renewed freedom to observe and speculate. True, there are scientists underwater today, working hard and well to measure and define, but they haven't yet caught up to all the possibilities of their equipment—they haven't measured everything.

Until they do, the field is open to impressionistic observation and imaginative speculation such as mine, to a generation of making old wives' tales or inspired deductions or both. And I hope to take full advantage of this period of unmeasuring observation, for there is truth in impressions as well as in measurements; truth in a man's emotional interpretation of his world as well as in his more objective appraisals. But enough self-justification. Back to my river.

Much of the summer population of the Campbell below Elk Falls is made up of little fish—pre-migrant salmon and trout that are growing through their freshwater term. The fish in their first year are usually under three inches long and are descriptively called fingerlings—they may be young steelheads, cohos, cutthroats or king salmon. Fish spending a second year in the river are usually four to eight inches long and are almost certain to be steelheads, though a few may be cutthroats. Most cohos move to salt water about a year after they are hatched and most of the kings well before that.

These little fish are often a nuisance to the fly-fisherman, but they are also the future of his sport and I found myself immediately interested in them. Underwater identification, I learned, is quite easy. Young cohos are olive brown, heavily parr-marked and have orange fins; they could be mistaken only for cutthroats, and a long white ray on the side of the coho's anal fin makes this separation simple. Young kings have greenish backs, and long parr marks and little color in the fins. The young steelheads are quite silvery, with white-tipped fins that show very plainly.

Fishing experience had persuaded me that fingerlings

were usually to be found spread out over shallow water of moderate flow, while the stronger yearlings would be feeding hungrily in deeper and faster water, often near the heads of pools and runs. My first excursions underwater seemed to confirm my previous impressions. Both fingerlings and yearling steelheads were scattered widely through the river, though the fingerlings showed definite preference for easier and shallower water while the yearlings took full possession of every kind of flow, not only at the heads of pools and runs but in the swifter water along the sides of the pools, along the edges of rapids and even to some extent in the deeper water in the body of the pools.

It was some while before I realized that the numbers of young cohos, even in the shallower and easier water used by the steelhead fingerlings, were disproportionately small; in many places where steelhead fingerlings were abundant there seemed to be no cohos at all.

I soon found why. At the start of the first long pool below the powerhouse in the Campbell's canyon there was a very large and closely packed school of fingerlings that



Goggled as a diver instead of fisherman, Hove-Brown prepares to cast off for a new fish-watching adventure.

held always in the same position, just beside the rock ledge around the corner from the powerhouse. There were probably 2,000 fish in the school and at least 95° were cohos. They were holding in very gentle flow over a ledge, within a foot or two of the surface, but with the protection of extremely deep water immediately beside them.

A day or two later I was peering into a tangle of brush and saw the dim shapes of a few small fish, then more and more of them. Altogether there were several hundred holding steadily in the gentle current that flowed through the brush pile. With the exception of a few sticklebacks, all were young cohos. It was now obvious that the young cohos liked two things—very moderate flow of current and protection within immediate reach. This suggested two important conclusions, first, that the continuous high flow of the Campbell is not favorable to raising cohos and, second, that it should be possible to make cheap modifications that would help, including the encouraging of weed growth

continued

and construction of some simple stream-bed structures such as my own wing dam.

This watching of young fish was mere prelude, of course, to what I was eagerly anticipating, the arrival of the adult salmon from the sea. Never had I awaited the salmon run with more anticipation. It was toward the end of July that my patient diving instructor and companion, Stan Douglas, and I saw the first salmon. They were in the Long Pool at the lower end of the canyon—a school of 30 or 40 humpbacks. I was excited to see them, though they were not particularly impressive specimens. A week later Stan and I swam the Sandy Pool several times. It is a magnificent stretch of river, fully 400 yards long and 20 feet deep in its deepest places. We saw nothing in the swift water of the upper third of the pool, but in the deep part we came upon a school of 100 bright humpbacks that scattered under us. With them were some 20 or 30 great king salmon, nervous fish that swam upstream with enormous power and speed, easily passing the smaller humpbacks. The nervousness was a disappointment, but none of the fish ran far. The humpbacks reformed their school almost immediately behind us, and I noticed that at least one of the kings seemed always to disappear around a big boulder near the mouth of the creek on the south side. I was able to work upstream near the shore, ease out to the boulder and peer over it. For a second I saw him clearly—a bright 40-pounder. In the same moment he saw me and was gone.

From then on I swam the river regularly and watched the runs build up. By mid-August there were at least a thousand humpbacks in the Sandy Pool, spread all the way from the bridge to the tail hut mainly concentrated in two or three favorite places. The same 20 or 30 big kings were still holding in the deep water, already less nervous.

The day after this estimate I swam the Line Fence Pool, which is between the rapids at the tail of the Sandy Pool and the shallows opposite my house. It is a difficult place to hold, but there was no need to hold. There were bright humpbacks through the whole length and width of it, clear shapes scattering from directly under me, shadowy shapes on either side and beyond them still others, dimly seen through the water, and beyond these still more, seen only as white flashes as the current swung them. They were fresh in from the sea, the main body of a massive run that I could not begin to count or even estimate, though I passed through the pool several times. Yet from above the surface I could see neither break nor shadow nor jumping fish to show they were there. That, I thought, should give any angler pause.

Throughout the time of the runs nothing in the river was for two days the same. A fair number of humpbacks passed on up the Campbell, spreading all along its short length, while others turned into its small tributary, the Quinsam, and others missed in dense thousands just above and below the mouth of the tributary, waiting for higher water.

We watched the Long Pool at the lower end of the canyon quite closely through late August and early September, because baffled sport fishermen were complaining that the king salmon had apparently all moved up into the river earlier than usual. Yet we found no kings during our first search. We even probed the deepest part of the Long Pool by diving repeatedly as far down as we could. It was gray and gloomy in the depths and one's ears hurt from the rapid change of pressure, but usually we could see bottom before turning upward again to the light. Finally, one day Stan signaled he had found something. I had to dive three more times then suddenly I was right on top of them, almost among them, 15 or 20 huge shadowy king salmon that disappeared into deeper darkness at the very moment of discovery. We found no more until several weeks later, and it is certain that only an insignificant proportion of the several thousand kings that make up the spawning run had moved into the river ahead of time. Once again, the fishermen had been wrong.

As fall drew near and the runs continued, experience built on experience. In the second week of September, before the rains began, I saw the first adult coho, a jack, working slowly upstream past the point of the wing dam. In the next week I saw a few more—one big fish, his agh scarred and his tail badly torn by some deep-sea battle with troller's hook and line. Alder leaves were beginning to collect in the eddies, and occasional broad leaves of maple, magnified to startling proportions, now drifted in mid-water.

When the cohos first come into the river they are noble, steel-gray fish with unspotted, slightly iridescent tails. A few among them are just beginning to show a glow of spawning red. After the humpbacks they all seem very strong and large and active. They take possession of the river as though they were used to it, exploring every part, swimming freely in mid-water, pushing into the strongest currents, moving calmly through eddies and even into still backwaters. They do not mass in schools like the humpbacks: they are much less nervous than the king salmon and far more varied in their behavior. Of all the Pacific salmon, I thought, the coho least appears committed to death after spawning, if only because it takes to the river so naturally and completely.

But the cohos also seem to bring a sense of urgency to the river. Time is closing in fast. By late September the plunging water at the foot of the rapids is grayer, and along the edges of the river, golden maple and scarlet dogwood leaves drift in gentle procession.

The sudden arrival of the main body of the cohos is no less hidden and surprising than the massive arrival of the humpback run, but it is even harder to observe. Toward the end of September I was seeing cohos all through the river, now a glimmer of gold and red among the duller, white-bellied shapes of the humpbacks, now a sharpness of clean silver-gray cruising or holding in mid-water.

It was in the Lower Island Pool on a day in late October that I finally found numbers of king salmon. Twice I had

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Or to the man who installed your dishwasher? Or to the laundry that doesn't replace the buttons on your shirts?

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All of us.

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Pick up a button at any Avis counter.

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Try the pin.

drifted carefully down in the easy flow along the edge of the heavy current, but all I found were a few humpbacks and two or three cohos. I worked up along the edge of the pool again and as far out as I could under the break of the rapid, then swim two or three strokes to get into the main rush of the current. It was a swift passage. In the main body of the pool, under the white waves, I could see a few cohos. Then, suddenly, I was over king salmon, great, powerful, bronze fish of 30 and 40 and 50 pounds, scattering in every direction from my drift. I was still among them when I swung over to avoid being carried down into the next rapid, but I knew I had seen 80 or 100 in the few short seconds of drifting above them. The total number in the pool must have been several times that, all concentrated near the bottom in the line of the heaviest current flow.

It now occurred to me that the holding and resting habits of migratory fish may play a much more important part in determining whether or not they strike than any simple inclination or disinclination to feed. No fisherman would really expect to move a heavy fish up to a fly through such water as the kings were in, nor could he have any serious hope of being able to work the fly down near the bottom. He might expect to do better with lure or bait, but in proportion to the numbers of fish available his results would still be unimpressive. Only when the big fish move out to easier, shallower water is there likely to be any major change in their responsiveness.

Cohos respond a good deal more readily to fly or lure or bait than king salmon do, though still not well in proportion to their numbers. The explanation of this may be in the much greater mobility and restlessness that I observed. At any given time they may be found in good numbers lying in much the same type of water as the kings, but there are always a few wanderers, and it seems likely that these are the ones that fishermen catch.

It is interesting to compare the numbers and availability of steelhead in the same river. Through August, September and October I had seen thousands of humpbacks and hundreds of king salmon and cohos. In the same length of time I had not seen more than 20 summer steelhead, yet when I fish the river at all regularly during these months I catch at least half a dozen, often considerably more, all on flies. It is only possible to conclude that summer steelhead, under normal water conditions, are very responsive fish.

Migratory cutthroat trout are more difficult to assess. Though I searched all of the river's pools quite thoroughly during August I saw very few cutthroats and none that I judged to be more than two pounds. In September they began to appear, scattered here and there and often in places that a fisherman would normally pass by as too shallow, too inactive or too open to hold fish. There was no precise pattern, but they tended to be near the edge of fast, deep water that offered protection, in stations that made for calm and easy resting yet usually afforded fairly

good possibilities of finding drifting feed. Generally they were well down in the water, seemingly content and inactive. They were far less nervous than either salmon or steelhead, though they were watchful and would not permit a clumsy or too familiar approach. A few smaller fish were in more active feeding stations, usually close under the banks, but again in places that one might easily pass without fishing. Once I saw two three-pounders within a few feet of each other in slack water at the edge of a pool, facing toward a sloping sandy shore and within two or three feet of it. Had I been fishing I would have walked right on to them without ever knowing they were there. The fly-fisherman's difficulties would be further complicated by the lethargic mood of the fish. Most of them, I thought, would have responded to the slow swing of a silver-bodied wet fly very near them or to repeated and accurate drifts of a large floating fly. But it would be easy to disturb them with a downstream approach unless one knew exactly where they were, while the dry-fly fisherman, working up from below, would almost certainly pass over them.

A few of the big cutthroats were in more active feeding stations—the places where one usually finds them and catches them. But they were not holding at all steadily, and I am convinced that this is another difficulty that must often defeat the angler. One day I made a very successful underwater approach to watch a really good cutthroat. When I first saw the fish he was 15 or 20 feet upstream from me, within six inches of the bank, just behind a protruding upright branch on which several dead maple leaves were caught. He was well up in the water and obviously willing to feed, but his tight position was still further protected by a long overhang of maple branches. A wet fly on a long line, drifted from upstream closely past the protruding limb, almost certainly would have caused him to rise, but the risk of hooking the limb would have been considerable and while he might have moved out to a less accurate cast, the rise probably would have been short.

Though it would have been a difficult cast, a dry fly from below, placed closely against the limb, would have succeeded. But it is not the sort of cast one normally risks, or considers necessary. Most of us, I think, would have felt the run well covered by a cast considerably farther out from the bank, and we would have been wrong.

These thoughts ran through my mind as I was watching a big fish in the blue-green water of a pool, and I promised myself to remember how important really accurate placement of a fly can be. The fish seemed quite unaware of me still and I was well placed in the run, four or five feet out from a cut bank and with a firm hold on a tangle of waterlogged brush, so I decided to watch a while longer. I saw him move slightly to intercept something drifting in the water. Then, quite suddenly, he was in a new position, about three feet out from the bank and almost in the center of the run. At first I thought he was holding, then I saw he was drifting very gradually back and in toward the bank again. When he was within a foot or so of the bank he

continued

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turned out again and slowly swung across the run, still drifting almost imperceptibly downstream. About 10 minutes later he had worked down to a position in the center of the run, no more than three feet from where my left hand clung to the brush. I could see every spot on his heavy golden body, every ripple and change of set in his fins, even the sheen of red just developing on his gill covers. While I watched, he raised himself some six inches through the water, opened his mouth wide and took in a small gray piece of drift, no more than half an inch long. I could not tell what it was, but he bit once on it with a fierce grip of his wide jaws, and swallowed it.

From that point he began to work upstream again just as slowly as he had worked down. There was no sign at all that he had seen me, yet there is not much doubt he was aware of me as an unusual form among the familiar shapes of the run; if I had not been there his downstream drift would have continued. I moved slightly to shift my grip on the brush pile, but there was no sign of change in his own deliberate movement. When he was six or eight feet upstream I slowly changed position and lifted my head above water to clear my snorkel. When I looked back he was gone.

Apart from the sheer pleasure of watching a fine fish in his calm pursuits at such close range, this brief observation suggested to me that it must often be unusual to assume that certain places—those where we have found fish—are the precise spots where we should expect to find them again. The run, as I have said, is quite fast, the sort of place where one would expect a good fish to hold and wait for food. Yet this particular fish had ranged nearly 15 feet downstream and some four or five feet back and forth across the stream while I watched. The lesson seems to be that a run of this sort must be fished with care and precision throughout its length and across its full width, even when one thinks one knows the best holding places.

By now, winter's edge had come to the Campbell. Fall was gone, my first wondrous season of observing beneath the surface film was over, and only some questions were left. My fisherman friends

have been quick to point out that the ethics of underwater spying on fish are dubious. I agree, in part. After months of watching I find I have little desire to try to catch fish I have seen while diving; I would rather go back and have another look at them. By the time I have visited the same fish twice, he is an old friend; I do not even want to disturb him by catching him and putting him back. The more general observations about where fish lie and how they behave will influence my future fishing methods to some extent, but I certainly do not expect from them any miracles that will double my kill or trouble my conscience.

What has concerned me is the degree of disturbance caused to maturing salmon by the passing of a diver in a river. I feel I have learned a great deal about how to find the fish and how to approach them, and I use all the skill I can to avoid disturbing them—after all, the point is to watch them, count them, study them, not to chase them. Once a Pacific salmon leaves salt water, the reserve of energy left to him to complete his journey and his spawning is closely limited. So I have become a most careful invader of his world. Whenever possible, I avoid swimming directly downstream over large groups of resting fish, and it is necessary to do so only when attempting to make an estimate of the timing and numbers of a new run. The real pleasure of watching the fish is far better served by the cunning and careful approaches one can make along the edges of pools, by circling with the eddies or along the line of shelter behind large boulders. But I sometimes wonder what the effect might be if, as may well happen, a large number of divers chose to take to the rivers. Would the fish quickly become used to the passing figures, or would they waste their energy in violent flight? The answer to that remains uncertain, and as long as it does I think it is wise and proper for all of us who go beneath the rivers to remember that we are intruders, that we must treat the fish and their domain with respect and must train ourselves in subtle methods of observation. This is, of course, the naturalist's way—and the fisherman's, too, I would like to think.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEDALISTS

Sirs:

Two gold medals to John Underwood and Alexander Eliot for their coverage of the Olympic Games (Oct. 5). A silver medal to Gilbert Rogin and numerous bronze medals to your photographers.

JUAN L. LOPEZ

New York City

Sirs:

This was the best issue ever. John Underwood's text covering the entire Olympics contained so much information that now I have some special knowledge about many of those who will compete in Tokyo.

JIM ARMSTRONG

Arlene, Kans

Sirs:

In his article on Seel (*The Fastest In Fastest*), Gilbert Rogin caught those elusive sharp edges of inner landscape and made us feel the terrific emotional torque of a great athlete who pushes over the barriers toward his ultimate tape. The impressionistic conversations between Peter and Sally and Peter and Mr. Scott were exciting. Records aren't broken by machines; they are broken by people. Bravo!

PELT FERRY

Seattle

Sirs:

I thought the two-part article by Tommy McDonald on Seel's illustrated some months ago took the cake for bragging and self-conceit by an athlete, but your recent one on Peter Seel beats it by a 3-50 mile!

RANDY GARVER

Youngstown, Ohio

ASTERISK

Sirs:

The many fans who thought the record for misquotation established by the legendary and immortal Tex Maule would stand forever now must concede that Baseball Writer William Leggett deserves at least an asterisk beside his name for his September 21 dismissal of the pennant chances of the St. Louis Cardinals (*Forle Sarge and the Shave*).

Alongside Maule's battered crystal ball and the diagram of O'Leary's most frequently used 1963 play—the golf line stand—we must enshrine in the sportswriters' hall of fame William Leggett's famous concluding sentence: "But no hocus-pocus—or even mesmerizing—will bring the Cardinals a pennant."

JERRY C. OAVES

Falls Church, Va.

THE OLD AND BEAUTIFUL

Sirs:

Cheers for Edwin Shrake (*Refugee Strake's for the Bills*, Oct. 5).

He used great foresight in writing nothing but praise because only we, who put up with those narrow streets, impossible parking and inadequate seating, can say anything against those beautiful, bearded, bold, brawny Bills and live to talk about it.

BETTY MEEZ

Clarence Center, N.Y.

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake stated that the Bills were easily the best team in the Eastern Division of the AFL. The fact that the Boston Patriots, defending champs, were also undefeated and have beaten San Diego was glossed over. To quote the coach of another Boston-based championship team, "We're the champs; they've got to come to us."

FREDERIC BADAICIAN

Amburst, Mass.

SEEING RED

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's ignoble experiments with dyed and dying kilies (*A Pretty Kettle of Dye Fishbait*, Oct. 5) was an offense to the dignity of all fish everywhere. It pleases me to hope that someday all the little red kilies will bond together in the shape of one monstrously huge fish the way they do in *Shimura*, a children's book in our house) and pursue their tormentors—large-mouth bass and Big-brain Boyle—through the seven seas.

JAMES MADISON

Campbell, Calif

SILENT PROTEST

Sirs:

I read with interest and curiosity Herman Woukoff's article on the Olympic swimming and diving trials (*Then They Came the Best Team*, Sept. 14). However, one statement greatly concerns me: "At Melbourne in 1956 . . . 'A Russian woman and a Hungarian judge were in collusion,' says Clowworthy, who won the gold medal in the springboard event that year. 'It was the worst judging I've ever seen.'"

As the Olympic records show, I was the only Hungarian among the judges. With very little effort it could have been determined that the Olympic Games were held at the time of the Hungarian revolution and, to show our protest, we Hungarians were not even communicating with the representatives of the U.S.S.R.

BALANT PAPP

Orlando, Fla.

MORE SOUVENIRS

Sirs:

I was interested in Mr. Fendrick's survey in the department of souvenir hunting (1911 Holst, Oct. 5), particularly in the four clubs which, he says, didn't have the courtesy to even acknowledge three letters. I have had occasion to request material from both the White Sox and the Cubs. The White Sox have always replied promptly as they did to Mr. Fendrick's request. The Cubs didn't reply at all.

A small, unimportant incident? I don't think so. Every club should be cognizant of the importance of its public-relations department, and steps should be taken to remedy any deficiencies in these departments. They are vital to the operation of any major league team.

ROBERT O. FRISE

Arlington Heights, Ill

Sirs:

Upon reading the letter from Mr. Ronald P. Fendrick, I was quite disturbed to find out that we of the Los Angeles Angels supposedly had been contacted, along with the other clubs, asking us to send him an autographed baseball. This is perhaps the single greatest request received by all major league clubs. In fact, I wish that I had a nickel for every request for souvenirs we have filled since our inception.

The Angels have always endeavored to fulfill our obligations to the best of our ability, and we keep an accurate and detailed record of all such requests. However, there is a particular problem relative to the Angels.

Most people are under the impression that we maintain our executive offices at Chavez Ravine; hence, they send correspondence to the ball park. The Angel offices are not located there, and the mail must be forwarded to our offices. It is unfortunate that the two letters sent by Mr. Fendrick were lost between the park and our executive offices at 1525 North Western Avenue in Los Angeles. I am sorry to say that we have no record of his request.

REV KAPE

Los Angeles

SHRODD RALSTON

Sirs:

As an avid football fan and a former assistant professor at Utah State University, I enjoyed immensely Tex Maule's article on Bill Munson (*A College Star Ignores the Fireproof Rams*, Oct. 5). However, I do feel the article does John Ralston, a great football coach, a grave injustice. The article states, "Ralston never thought much of Munson

continued

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18TH HOLE (cont.)

as a "quarterback" and indicates that in the varsity-column game Munson, one of the "poorly-regarded sophomores," was assigned to the alums. It should be understood that the varsity had two upperclassmen as quarterbacks, and in order to give all three work Munson was assigned to the alum team. Ralston showed his high regard for Munson clearly after Munson's first varsity game. In discussing the game films at a faculty gathering, which I attended, Ralston stated without reservation his belief that in the future Munson would be a professional quarterback. And he pointed out that even at that time Munson threw with the best of the pros.

Ralston, a great developer of talent, brought Munson along slowly. He could well afford to, as Utah State, as I recall, lost only one regular-season game in Munson's first two years.

John Ralston, like everyone else, has made mistakes in his time, but not recognizing the talent of Bill Munson was not among them.

DAVID S. GORTLEN

Ypsilanti, Mich.

CHECK-OUT

Sirs:

We were considerably disturbed by the article *Sail It Now, Sink It Later* (Aug. 24).

Unlike the persons in the rental field that you quote, we of Skipper's, Inc., like most boat-rental organizations, exercise a considerable amount of caution and discretion before we permit people to take our boats out. Would-be skippers are checked out in every instance, and where it is necessary to brush them up, they are taken offshore for a practice run by our dock people. In instances where more than that is necessary, we provide instruction at a fee and do not permit them to handle a boat until they satisfy our requirements.

In cases of privately owned boats that are listed with us for charter, the caution of the boat owner is at least as great, for it is his property that he is placing in the hands of the charterer. On many occasions we have rejected the charter.

There is little doubt in our mind that the boat-rental and chartering business will tend to grow at an ever-increasing rate, and that many of its adherents will remain in the capacity of renters and charterers. A great many people who are interested in boating can afford neither the time nor the money to enjoy it as its fullest. A far greater percentage of people who have been attracted to the boating field in various ways will move on to boat ownership but will not do so without a prior opportunity to become skilled on the water through the use of rentals and charter boats. Others intend to become boat owners but use the rentals and charters as a way of determining the precise type of boating that they enjoy most.

JAMES V. KING

Roslyn, N.Y.

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Kind Hearts and Cauliflowers

It sort of chokes you up when you think of the beautiful friendship between Jake Mintz and his boy, Wilf Greaves by MYRON COPE

In the angry business of boxing, where there generally is little love lost between fighters and their managers, it is pleasant to recall the tender feeling that existed between Jake Mintz and Wilf Greaves (right). Mintz, no mediocre manager, had never been accused of having a heart of grilled cheese. He had slept on pool tables and operated a bucket game in a carnival. As a young flyweight, in



order to insure a large bipartisan following, he had boxed under the name of Irish Jack O'Boyle while wearing a Star of David on his trunks. As a matchmaker and then promoter, he had overlooked no publicity stunt that would move tickets. The late John Lardner once described him as "three-quarters brain and one-quarter Westphalian."

"I don't know where he gets that Westphalian business," hollered Jake. "I am Jewish all the way."

Jake was a short, popeyed, bespectacled man with a broken nose and a fringe of wild hair around his bald head. In his first venture as a manager he steered Ezzard Charles to the heavyweight championship, expertly picking Ezzard's spots while commandeering countless columns of newspaper space. As Ezzard's career declined, Jake set out in search of the horn of plenty—a white hope.

So determined was Mintz to find a white heavyweight with championship potential that almost every unemployed able-bodied white youth in sight was hauled into a gym. On a dark street one night a white stuckup man put a gun in Jake's back. Jake whirled on him, knocked him down, kicked him in the ribs and hauled him off to a police station. After taking a second look at the

stuckup man's heavy-weight physique, however, Jake refused to testify against him, forcing the district attorney to throw out the case. Jake then marched the hoodlum to a gym. But his fistie prowess was no better there than it had been in the alley and Jake, sorrowing once again, let him go.

In the spring of 1955 Mintz found himself in Edmonton, Canada, where he had taken Ez Charles to fight an obscure antique named Vern Escoe. While there, Jake heard so much talk of an amateur middleweight named Wilf Greaves that he phoned Greaves and invited him to his hotel room. Greaves arrived—dimpled, sandy-haired, square of jaw, politely conversational.

"He come into my life out of a clear blue cloud!" Jake exclaimed in one of his malapropisms. Telephoning a newspaper in Pittsburgh, his home town, Jake shouted: "This kid used to be the amateur champion of the whole British Empire!"

Forthwith Jake descended upon the Greaves home to persuade the boy's parents to turn over their son to him. "He comes to the house," Greaves said later, "to sell my mother and dad a bill of goods. He didn't give them a chance to get a word in edgewise, except 'yeh . . . yeh . . . yeh.' When he finally finished talking he got up and said, 'Well, I'll put the contracts in the mail.' Then he's out the door and gone. He didn't give us a chance to say yes, no or maybe. He didn't even ask me if I wanted to turn pro. He hadn't even seen me in the gym."

In any event, Greaves joined Jake in Pittsburgh, and Jake immediately sold his interest in Ezzard Charles. He and his wife, Julia, put up Greaves in their



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apartment and didn't bill him for the rent. He bought Wilf a suit, a topcoat and shoes. "Yes," said Jake, wincing only slightly, "and he is a nice eater, too." Jake called Greaves "my Monkey-face." Greaves called Jake "Pops." Veteran fight managers practically threw up.

The first time Greaves got in a Pittsburgh ring he was astonished to hear boos from the crowd. He had not been told that Pittsburgh fans booed all Jake's fighters just as automatically as London Republicans had hissed Roosevelt. Of his first four pro fights, Greaves won only one. He boxed crudely; his punch was jolting but not shattering. He had great heart, however, and Jake saw him as a diamond in the rough.

"I got a lotta confidence in my Monkey-face," Jake said. "Right now I got to buy him some golf sticks. A golfer he is! A golfer and a tennis player! You ever hear of a fighter plays golf and tennis?"

Greaves began to win. For his 11th bout Jake pitted him against Al Andrews, a busy television performer with 60 fights behind him. Bookmakers made Greaves a 3-to-1 underdog. He thoroughly walloped Andrews, however, winning all 10 rounds on the referee's scorecard. "Who's crazy now?" sneaked Jake at his critics. "Monkey-face is liable to upset the whole boxing."

On Greaves's 20th birthday Jake gave him a clock-radio. "Monkey-face got to have music, when he goes to sleep and when he wakes up," Jake explained. "He tells me he is a jazz fan—a perceptive. So let him. He's a sweetheart."

After Greaves had won eight straight, Jake thrust him on network television against title contender Ralph (Tiger) Jones. No other fighter had made TV with only 12 bouts behind him and Jake's enemies charged that he cared nothing for Greaves, that he was feeding him through the mill at a greedy pace. The facts were, however, that even though the Internal Revenue Service was jibbing Jake for back taxes he had not yet taken a cent from Greaves's earnings. Instead he had bought Greaves a \$15,000 endowment policy and a \$10,000 life insurance policy that cost Jake sky high premiums because of Wilf's occupation.

Says Wilf Greaves today. "Pops got me tough opponents, but he made sure the opponents he got wouldn't hurt me too much. Jones, Spider Webb, Gene Fulmer, Italo Scortichini—none of them was a killer puncher. And I learned

continued

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CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES
by Ted Luning
P.O. Box 1100, Southport, Conn.

Kind Hearts continued

something each time from guys like that."

Tiger Jones defeated Greaves, but only by a split decision, and Jake—who considered this a great moral victory—celebrated with a somersault in mid-ring. Having established Greaves as a name performer, Jake then hauled him off to Edmonton, Alta. for an easy payday against one Arley Safer. There a huge, hairy man wearing a handlebar mustache and a brilliant red uniform showed up to work in Greaves's corner. He was Greaves's pal, Sergeant-Major John Trimrose of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Jake was hurt, but his fatherly feeling for Greaves made him let Sergeant-Major Trimrose stay in the corner. "I don't mind this Trimrose," Jake said half-heartedly. "He worked Wilf's corner in the amateurs, and Wilf never lost with him. If working a corner with a cop means a win for my Wilf, I'll do it. By God, I'll do it."

Thus far in Greaves's young career, he and Jake were proving that close friendship could exist between a manager and a fighter and need not impede progress. But in the summer of 1957—only two years after Jake had found his white hope—Jake died of a heart attack.

Greaves was grief-stricken. Jake had hooked him for an outdoor show at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field, but Greaves made a gesture of respect that few fighters would tender their managers, dead or alive: he canceled his impending payday.

Managers trampled each other to sign Greaves, but he signed himself over to Jake's widow, who had not been left wealthy. When the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission granted a license to Julia Mintz—"Momm"—to Greaves—boxing men shuddered.

Under Julia, Greaves immediately lost three straight fights. With Jake's bell-cose voice and lavish solitude absent, Greaves could not seem to put his heart into his work. Soon Jake's widow sold Greaves's contract to C. W. Smith, a well-to-do Detroit businessman. In subsequent years Greaves fought courageously and entertainingly, putting up close fights (but not winning) against Joey Giardello, Eduardo Lausse, Sugar Ray Robinson and others. In 1958 he won the Canadian middleweight title, and in 1960 he outsluged Dick Tiger (who later won the world title) for the British Empire middleweight title. As Greaves himself concedes, though, he was not really an outstanding fighter. "I was always right on the edge of the top echelon," he says. "The edge seemed to be my destiny."

Yet when Greaves retired last year and went to work on the Detroit docks, boxing men familiar with Jake Mintz's genius had not the slightest doubt that, had Jake lived on, he somehow would have finagled a shot at the world title for Wilf. Somehow he would have sneaked him beyond the edge. And who knows? Wilf might have met a champion on an off night and won the title.

END



WILF GREAVES (RIGHT) MADE A GALLANT TRY AGAINST ITALO SCOTICHINI



Halfway across the gaping chasm panic held me motionless

1 "As I swung out between the two towers of rock, all my bravado left me," writes David Pagniore, American friend of Canadian Club.

"Gaily, I had accepted a challenge from an

Italian friend to try a perilous traverse in the Dolomite Alps. He assured me that the rope seldom broke. But 1200 feet up, his joke didn't seem funny.



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2 "Halfway across I glanced down—and fear stopped me. The guide urged me on. Finally, I forced myself forward."

4 "Back at a hotel in Misurina, my Italian friend offered me a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, or tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's highest whisky—tonight.



3 "Safely across, I still had to make the dizzying descent. What a relief as the guide lowered me to the ground. Never again."



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